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The American Mercury

A LETTER TO AMERICAN LIBERALS

Eugene Lyons

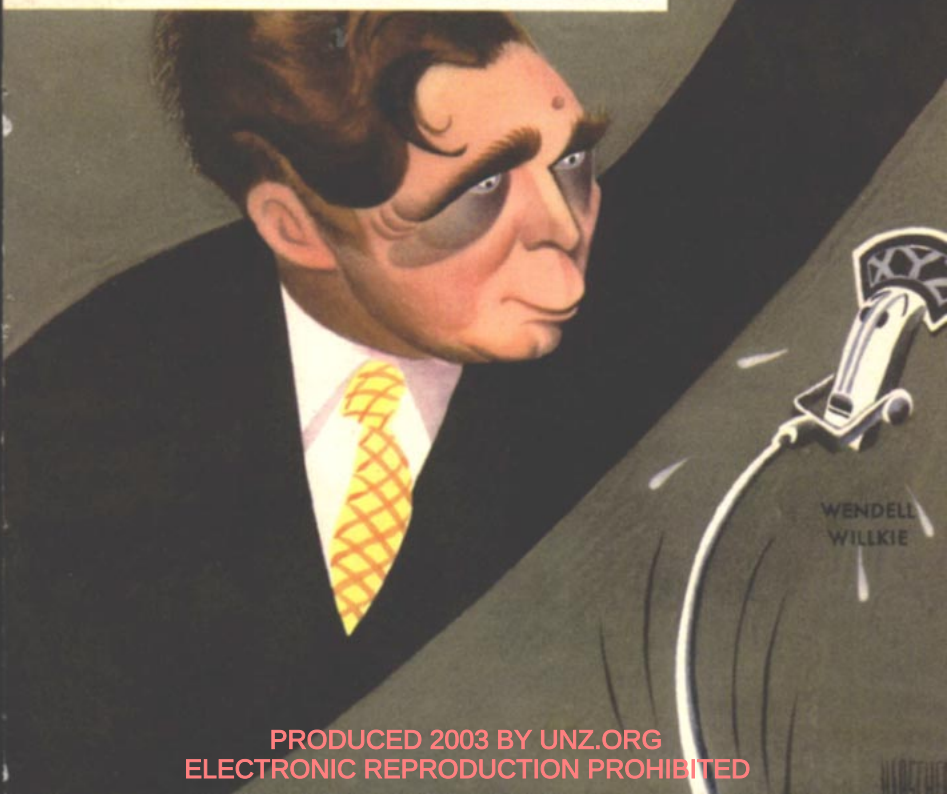
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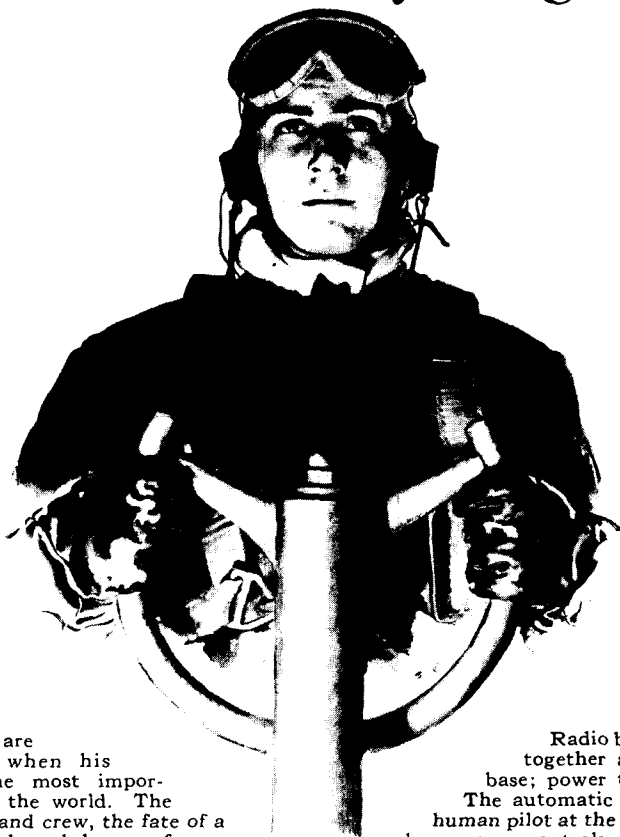
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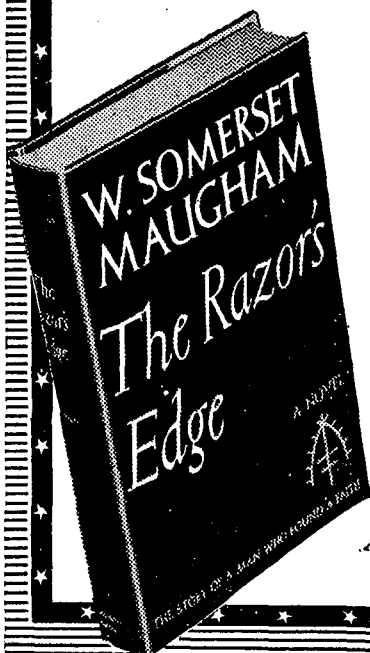
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LVIII

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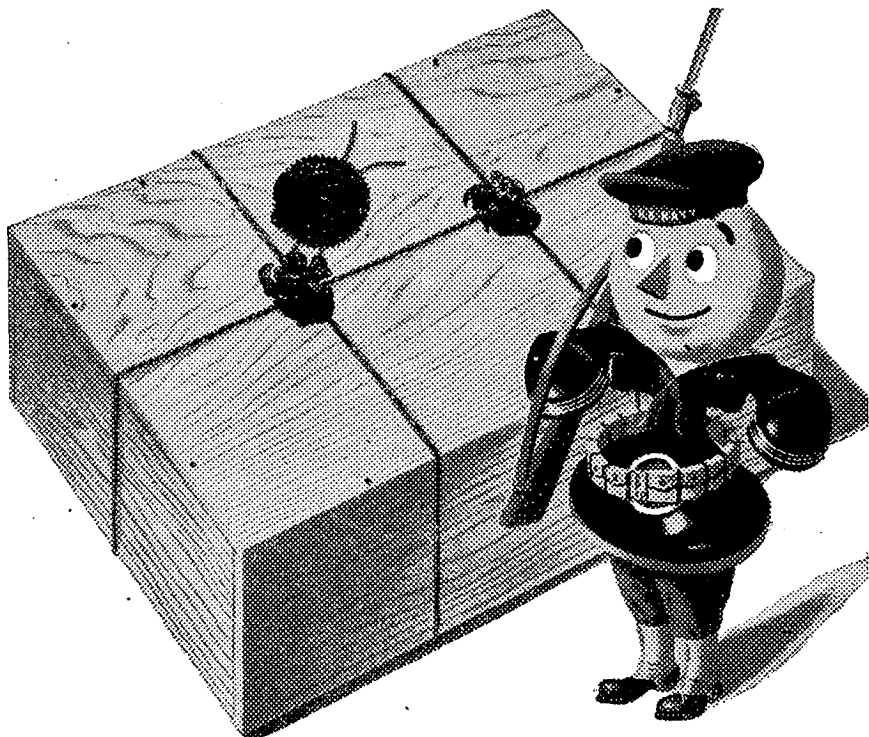
Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union, \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1944 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain,

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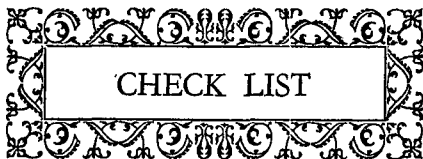
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INTRODUCING AFRICA, by Carveth Wells. \$2.50. *Putnam*. The well-known traveler, who has lectured to American troops bound for North Africa, here offers an excellent little encyclopedia of the "dark continent" dealing with almost every nook and corner of it. It is heavy laden with factual information but it is so ably organized and so well written that it reads most pleasantly. The bibliography and index add to the value of the book.

NEVER WHISTLE IN A DRESSING ROOM, or *Breakfast in Bedlam*, by Maurice Zolotow. \$2.75. *Dutton*. A collection of articles about the people who give Broadway its glamor and flavor, from panhandlers to night club impresarios. Most of the pieces have previously appeared in magazines, but unfortunately there has not been much effort to integrate them and to bring them up to date.

BUREAUCRACY RUNS AMUCK, by Lawrence Sullivan. \$2.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A documented and uninhibited account of the "District of Confusion" by a Washington correspondent. As Mr. Sullivan tells it, the story of red tape and complications in the jungle of bureaus, agencies, commissions has an Alice in Wonderland quality. One gathers that the capital is simply bilious with billions.

(Continued on page 638)

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The American MERCURY

NOTES ON WENDELL WILLKIE

BY EUGENE LYONS

THERE are two ways of looking at any candidate for President: alone or in reference to the whole field of aspirants for the office. This was especially true in the case of Wendell Willkie.

Taken separately, in the abstract as it were, he was no thrilling temptation as a prospective President of the United States. He had done little to demonstrate his capacity as an organizer and a leader, and a lot to inspire misgivings about his political integrity. He has the supersalesman's free and easy way of adapting his sales talk to the customer and the occasion — these are the “contradictions” and “inconsistencies” which even his greatest boosters acknowledge. He tends to be romantically trusting and optimistic in foreign affairs. But without doubt he gained stature when aligned with the other Republican candidates. It happens

that the array is not startlingly brilliant and Willkie, having elbowed his way into their midst, seemed an authentic “personality” by contrast.

Politics is a matter of choices. These notes on Willkie, however, are not written as politics, especially now that he has withdrawn from the race, after his defeat in Wisconsin.

2

To the machine politicians, Wendell Willkie must seem something of a Houdini. He is the man who successfully performed the trick of lifting himself by his own bootstraps to a lofty position, that of a major party Presidential nominee, without first treading the mill of party politics. Without ever having served as senator or governor or mayor, without ever having been elected even as sheriff or tax assessor, this Wall Street lawyer man-

aged the feat of making himself candidate of the Republican Party — in whose ranks he had registered for the first time only in the previous year!

Small wonder that the orthodox politicians of both parties resent him so bitterly. What's the business of politics coming to anyhow if a rank outsider, innocent of plodding "service to the party," can grab off the biggest contract? Their resentment is mixed with a kind of awe and a lot of misgivings. They said he was through and they believed it. But all the same there was a gnawing fear that he might still pull some political rabbits out of his magic hat. The great prestidigitator of 1940, instead of subsiding into a Landonesque retirement, had been holding the spotlight and keeping up the come-on patter. Anything could happen. Wisconsin was a prodigious relief to them.

The chances are that the fear felt by the professional boys was exaggerated. The conditions that favored Willkie's kind of legerdemain four years ago have changed radically.

The Republicans were then in a panic of despair, in a mood for the miraculous. The husky-voiced corporation advocate, the liberal anti-New Dealer, seemed the answer to their secret prayers for an alien savior. Since that time the party has shaken off its inferiority complex. It is no longer so grateful for social recognition by Democrats with liberal overtones and literary friends. Today the party is optimistic, aggressive, on the

make — probably too much so for its own health. It has the electoral victories of 1942 and 1943 — victories attained without and sometimes despite Willkie's help — to steady its nerves, and a rising tide of popular discontent with the Administration to lift its spirits.

There was every reason to assume that the Republicans would not be swept off their feet a second time by an outside mentor.

3

Willkie himself, who enjoyed the advantages of novelty and the glitter of political paradox in 1940, since then has become a more familiar — and more transparent — figure. Many of those who saw him as Roosevelt's Nemesis later persuaded themselves that he was only another Roosevelt. Others were annoyed by the single-minded persistence with which Willkie sells himself. They wondered whether a sterling product needs so much, such loud and such flamboyant salesmanship.

"Is he just a pretty smooth guy or has he really got something on the ball?" the late William Allen White asked when the highly articulate Willkie first emerged as Presidential material. The Emporia editor himself answered the question in Willkie's favor. But a lot of Republicans, including nearly all those who control machines and swing votes, have answered it against him. They are not merely "off" Willkie but look shamefaced

when reminded of their former enthusiasm for him.

The main reason for this widespread withdrawal from Willkie, it seems to me, is that he has failed — more correctly, he has not even tried — to give his adopted party anything resembling true leadership. He has scolded and threatened and hinted at revolt if not renominated. But he has made no attempt to bring together Republican factions, to reconcile conflicting viewpoints. His guiding purpose during the four years, it appears, has been to slug the Republican Party into submission rather than to win it over. Whether he would succeed in this remained uncertain until Wisconsin spoke. The only certainty was that in the process he had made himself the favorite Republican candidate of New Dealers who will vote Democratic if Roosevelt runs again.

As a case study in failure to give leadership, consider Willkie's rôle in the recent tax controversy:

In his budget message of January, 1943, President Roosevelt declared himself in favor of \$16,000,000,000 of additional taxation. There was no public comment on this from Willkie. Ten months later the Treasury proposed increased taxes of \$10,500,000,000. No comment from Willkie. Hearings were then held by the Ways and Means Committee of the House and later by the Senate Finance Committee. Willkie did not appear before either committee, nor did he assert himself as the tax bill was on its way through Congress.

A bill raising only \$2,300,000,000 additional passed the House, then the Senate. It was not until this had happened, not until Republicans and Democrats in both Houses had gone on record and the bill was beyond any major changes, that Willkie came out with a speech advocating increased taxes of 16 billions. This gesture, though productive of very extensive front-page publicity, was waste motion so far as practical influence is concerned.

His belated statement was widely hailed as courageous. Yet the only thing that would have required courage or evidenced a real study of the problem, as contrasted with a dramatic bid for attention, would have been the submission of a concrete program for raising those extra billions. Did he propose to obtain them from higher taxes on corporations; on the upper, middle or lower income brackets; on sales? On all this Willkie was silent. He brought neither national nor party leadership to bear.

4

The truth is that the Willkie magic is wearing thin. His friends recall the dismal sense of let-down induced by his speech of acceptance in Elwood, Indiana. Where he had been expected to present a program he had merely presented an applicant for the job of President. The suspicion raised at the time that there was not too much solid substance under the colorful surface, no tough core of dependable

principle under the expert showmanship, has flourished.

Perhaps Willkie has made too many speeches, written too many amorphous articles, improvised too many formulas on the spur of the moment, for his own good. He has inspired a lot more admiration than faith. There is a mercurial quality about his mind that begins by arresting attention and ends by undermining confidence. His glandular energy, his demonstrative "sincerity," his very glibness have more than a touch of the circus about them. It is not accident that his entourage is so heavily loaded with writers, advertising men, promoters; with the handymen of mass circulation superficiality.

That was what Fred Rodell of Yale meant when he described Willkie, in *Harper's*, as a "man of words." Certainly the Indiana man's most brilliant achievements to date have been verbal. He is the type of man who feels, quite honestly, that once he has found a way of saying it, he has covered a situation or solved a problem.

Which is another way of saying that Wendell Willkie is in the final analysis a high-powered promoter, and that the aura of that calling surrounds his activities. His public relations flair, rather than any genius for business and finance, was what made him president of Commonwealth & Southern. This was the native gift that put him over at the Philadelphia convention four years ago. This is the special skill that has kept him re-

lentlessly in the limelight ever since.

He came to public notice in the first place as the high-powered promoter of Commonwealth & Southern. Since then he has employed the same arts and techniques to promote Wendell Willkie for President. Except for the element of overselling, which is the besetting sin of the occupation, he has done a brilliant job for his client. The ABC of the public relations technician requires that the client's private purposes be made to look like crusades in the public interest. Few more apt illustrations of this principle can be cited than Willkie's ardent words in January, 1935, in a talk to the Economic Club of New York:

I want to say that no duty has ever come to me in my life, even that in the service of my country, which has so appealed to my sense of social obligation, patriotism, and love of mankind as this, my obligation to say and do what I can for the preservation of public utilities privately owned.

In justice to Willkie we must assume that he did not quite mean it, except at the moment he uttered it and before that particular audience. It was the product of what someone has described as his "contemporaneous sincerity." That same sort of inflated enthusiasm, of do-or-die zeal has marked his intense four years' effort in behalf of himself. Though he speaks of national and international affairs fateful for the human race, he relates these always and unerringly to Wendell Willkie. His most active supporters, too, seem disciples of a per-

sonal Willkie cult, rather than champions of any clearly defined set of policies.

The impression has grown that Willkie is a man groping for convictions, good and honest convictions, to advance the interests of his client, rather than a leader consecrated to irreducible principles, right or wrong.

5

In recent months Willkie has been forcefully depicted by three such different observers as Senator Barkley, Marshal Stalin and John D. M. Hamilton. These men have only their astuteness in common.

The Kentucky Senator described the barnstorming Hoosier as "this celestial nomad" who has been illuminating the heavens like an "up-to-date Halley's comet darting across the firmament hither and yon," scattering "fantastic figures" in the realm of taxation. The Soviet dictator, through a mouthpiece in *Pravda*, called him a "political gambler" who was "muddying the waters" of the United Nations. Mr. Hamilton arraigned Willkie bitterly for the attempt to pull off another "blitz" to capture the Republican nomination.

Now there may be little truth in these descriptions; the one out of Moscow is certainly ungrateful. But taken together they are not without significance. Their common denominator is the feeling that Willkie is playing a game rather than defending a cause.

6

Willkie's mission to Moscow was in conception and execution a model publicity enterprise. The opposition of liberals of all shades in 1940 had impressed him tremendously. That was where "sales resistance" had been most stubborn and he was determined to break it down. The break-through, he figured, and correctly, was easiest by way of Moscow.

The manner in which he arranged the round-the-world junket was in itself a promotional *tour de force*. At Hyde Park on a social visit he casually broached the subject of going to Russia as good-will envoy. It was a moment of strain between Moscow and Washington, centered on the "second front" clamor, and Willkie's friendly rival lent a sympathetic ear to the proposal. Some weeks later the matter was settled during a call at the White House.

Willkie was going ostensibly as the President's personal representative, actually as his 1944 opponent for the Presidency. To the State Department the Willkie request for a dual status — government envoy and private tourist — was staggering. For a while it looked as if the whole undertaking would fall through. But FDR came to the rescue and the unprecedented became a fact: a diplomat extraordinary and a reporter at large were combined in the same person. The feat deserves to rank with the Philadelphia coup.

Throughout the forty-nine days of the aerial hegira it was too obvious

that the official mission was secondary, shockingly secondary, to the private mission. Willkie repaid the President's unusual favor in an unusual way — by urging a quick “second front” in Western Europe in defiance of the views of the entire Anglo-American leadership. The man who had declared, in June, 1940, that “we do not intend to send men from the shores of this continent to fight in any war,” who had accused Roosevelt of deliberately dragging the country into a fighting war, now blanketed the memory by insisting in effect (though he worded it carefully) that we land our men without delay on the shores of Europe. In this he disregarded the unanimous British and American military opinion that such action would be disastrously premature. He was adding his weight to the Moscow-inspired pressure.

It was irresponsible behavior, whether in his capacity as a Presidential envoy or in his capacity as head of a “loyal opposition.” In retrospect, in a year when a Commander-in-Chief of all our armed forces is to be selected by the American people, it looks less clever, even publicity-wise, than it did at the time. Promotional and political sense do not always correspond.

There was an awkward moment for Willkie when the African invasion got under way. It was clear that neither Roosevelt nor Stalin had really taken him into confidence. But the trip had achieved its primary purpose. Thereafter the people who had been loudest

in calling him “fascist” and “tool of Wall Street” in 1940 became the noisiest in acclaiming him the knight-errant of that special brand of “anti-fascism” familiar to students of political pathology on the left.

7

The headline over a letter to the editor in the New York *Herald Tribune* reads: “Willkie Preferred; Called Best Qualified on World Affairs.” It is a typical reflection of the common American delusion that a trip around the world automatically makes a man an expert on the affairs of every country traversed.

Willkie's globe-girdling expedition, filled with banquets, interviews, speeches, newsreels and fireworks, took forty-nine days. As a speed-up course in international problems, history and diplomacy it set some kind of record. But unfortunately for the illusion, Willkie wrote a book. What his rivals for the nomination don't know about international affairs is a matter of surmise. What Willkie doesn't know is in large part on record.

When the glamor of drug-counter success has worn off, *One World* will be recognized for what it is: a hasty, breezy, and extraordinarily superficial travelogue, without the redeeming quality of humility. The author hopped from land to land, soaking up half-truths with all the ardor of an adolescent tourist. In due time, the volume may be viewed by historians of our epoch as a curious testament to

American innocence in world politics.

Already events are exposing the harsh facts under Willkie's thin veneer of words. The truth is that the world is not "one" and that its ills cannot be moralized out of existence with sweeping gestures and a dose of wishful thinking. Capacious good will while the cameras are grinding is no adequate substitute for careful thinking and specific knowledge. Willkie might have used the opportunity to make his countrymen aware of the magnitude and complexity of the problems confronting the world. He might have prepared them for difficulties. But he preferred surface optimism. If there is any trace of the statesman in his make-up, it seems to have been smothered by the promoter.

In his description of Stalin there is not even a hint of the man who is making unilateral decisions in Eastern Europe and recognizing the Badoglio government without consulting his allies. In his description of Chiang Kai-shek there is no suggestion of the leader whose real opinions are better reflected in his recent book than in polite chit-chat with visiting Americans. In his dissertation on the British colonies there is little intimation of a statesman confronting deep-rooted and complicated problems.

A leader who might one day have to assume responsibility for great decisions could be reasonably expected to prepare himself for such a journey, to check on facts, to consult dissenting views, to avoid half-truths and eloquent silences. Why did not Willkie

prepare, check, investigate? The answer seems to me obvious and it is the key to his character. At bottom Willkie was less interested in the world he was girdling than in the impression he was making. He was not engaged in a study, however inadequate, but pulling off a Big Publicity Stunt.

8

Wendell Willkie has a great many virtues to his credit. Of his forensic and promotional talents there can be no doubt, nor of his personal charms. His natural instincts, when they are not complicated by the exigencies of salesmanship, are automatically on the side of justice, decency, tolerance. Though he made his money and his reputation in the service of corporate business, he has a genuine sympathy for the little men and their yearnings. Willkie has courage and every now and then works up convictions to match it. His endorsement of world peace and international order under the banner of justice and right, though too amorphous to be useful, does credit to his heart. But an understanding of the world and its problems is decidedly not among those virtues.

The great paradox of the Willkie picture in the public mind, indeed, is that he is so widely credited with the two things in which he is particularly deficient: a knowledge of the world and a set of fundamental political principles. That paradox is also the final confirmation of his genius for high-powered promotion.

THE DECLINE OF NEW YORK CITY

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE City of New York, Inc., is currently distributing to business men a fat and handsome brochure of the sort that up-and-coming communities get out to attract industry with tidings of low taxes and cheap labor. New York's sales talk begins this way:

Lodestone of world commerce, the Port of New York has long been noted as the shipping, retail merchandising, recreation, and cultural center of the nation. The manifold advantages of the metropolitan area to industry and business are so numerous that they are seldom recited, sometimes overlooked.

Some publicity man's limber tongue was well within his cheek when that was written. No alert business man is overlooking a lodestone of world commerce. Manifold advantages do not go unrecited. The truth of the matter is that the situation in New York is being looked at so carefully and recited so often that the city fathers are in a tizzy. New York may still be the financial and cultural center of the nation, but Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia would not bet a two-gallon hat that this will be the case ten or twenty years from now. For more

than a century New York was the golden city, draining riches and talent away from the rest of the country. Recently, talent and riches have been leaving New York. If it were otherwise, the proud metropolis would not be trying, like Zenith or Eureka, to lure new enterprise its way.

War is concealing some of the evidence of New York's decline — a decline that is more relative than absolute — but it is also hastening the process. Although it is still the greatest manufacturing city in the country, measured by the number of its factory workers, at least, New York learned early in the war that it could do comparatively little to help in the national effort. Nearly all its 25,000 factories are small shops employing between ten and fifty workers and equipped to manufacture light consumer goods, largely, in the bric-a-brac class. Except for certain subcontracting jobs, they have been unable to contribute in any important way to war production, and priorities have prevented them from pursuing normal operations.

Early in 1943, when the man-

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power shortage was being felt everywhere, New York still had 250,000 unemployed to care for. Most of them are now at work, but many had to go elsewhere to find jobs. "We're off to see the wizard," said one of thousands leaving for Henry Kaiser's West Coast shipyards. "We probably won't be back," said another. Many New Yorkers now commute to war jobs in towns fifty or sixty miles from home.

Other cities have doubled or tripled their productive capacities at government expense since 1940. The only plant of any consequence erected in New York is an aluminum smelter in Queens. The Federal government finally agreed to finance its construction after the Mayor had bellowed and other citizens had bowed and scraped all over Washington. At its peak this plant employed about 5000 workers, but it has already fallen victim to the cutback program. It is now manned by about 1500.

New York's largest industry, clothing, is still recuperating from a cruel blow dealt it at the beginning of the war. The city's 300,000 garment workers — 10 per cent of its total labor force — might normally have been expected to make most of the uniforms needed by the growing Army and Navy. But with 40 per cent of the country's clothing-plant capacity, New York got only 8 per cent of the contracts. Six Southern states, however, with 8 per cent of the productive facilities, got 40 per cent of the war orders. The injustice has been partially redressed, but the explanations

which Washington gave in the first place were significant: New York's labor was more expensive, its machinery older and less efficient.

Next to garment manufacturing, printing is New York's largest industry. Linotypers and pressmen work overtime now, but the city's future as a printing center is not bright. The high rents and high union scales that prevail in New York have driven dozens of firms to other centers. Printers have found that they can locate elsewhere, save money on labor and overhead, and still not sacrifice any of their New York business. Nine million copies of *Reader's Digest* are printed each month in Concord, New Hampshire, and the gigantic Rumford Press there accommodates many other New York magazines, including this one. Even a news weekly like *Time* can be edited in New York and printed, for the most part, in Chicago without missing up on any late copy. In point of fact, *Time* gains a whole day by printing in Chicago, for it can thus reach all but its Eastern Seaboard subscribers a day earlier. Geography is among the many reasons for New York's decline: a center of the country should be nearer the center of the country.

For the present, New York is enjoying the war boom, but it knows that it has little part in it. Flush war workers and servicemen on furlough flock into the city to spend their money in its amusement places and fancy stores. But the money is all made elsewhere; New York gets only

the surplus. Since Pearl Harbor, a good many government agencies and thousands of government workers have been moved to New York to ease the strain on Washington. They have simultaneously eased the strain on many owners of office space in New York's absurdly overbuilt business districts. But they will move out when the war ends, leaving the elephants white again.

The hotel situation in New York these days is next to impossible, and vacant apartments, even in the far reaches of Brooklyn and the Bronx, are as hard to come by as good Scotch or gin. This is due not to any great influx of new inhabitants: the city's population has declined by more than its number of draftees, but New Yorkers, with cash in hand, are moving out of cramped quarters and into more commodious ones. Recently, nevertheless, a well-known real estate operator complained that his business was in a very bad way. Most of his holdings are in expensive Manhattan apartment buildings, and he had just been forced to rent at \$7,200 a lavish suite that had been designed in the 'twenties to rent at \$24,000 a year. The war has increased the takers for middle-priced apartments, but it has reduced the number who can pay five-figure rentals. Even in the depression the high rents were high.

New York has an enormous investment in its Empire State Buildings and its stately pleasure-domes uptown. The frenzied building boom after the last war was based on the theory that

the thousands then making fortunes on Wall Street would multiply fast enough to fill up the new streamlined offices and gilded dwelling places. The theory was justified — until the crash. Cold draughts have been blowing through many of those buildings for the past fifteen years. The forecast is for continued cool and windy.

Real estate is to a community what car loadings are to a nation: the simplest over-all index of business activity. New York's real estate is a measure of its present difficulties. The assessed valuation of all property in the city is some \$15,300,000,000. At market values it is worth about \$10,000,000,000. Actual sales of property have borne less and less relation to the tax assessor's estimates. In 1936, property sales in Manhattan averaged 86.6 per cent of the assessed valuations. By last year, the figure had dropped to 63.7 per cent. Once it has gained headway, a trend of this sort is not easily stopped. The buyers of over-assessed properties will demand increasingly lower selling prices on the ground that only by saving on the original purchase can they meet taxes based on an admittedly inflated estimate of the property's real worth.

Reassessment might seem the obvious answer to this problem; here, however, the city government steps in with its woes. The city must oppose a downward adjustment, because it is forbidden by statute to borrow more than 10 per cent of the total assessed valuation of property within its boundaries. Reassessment might help busi-

ness in general, stop some old concerns from moving out, and even perhaps attract some new ones. But all this is by no means certain. If it did not work out that way, the city itself would be in a difficult position because its borrowing resources would be still further limited.

II

The preeminence of New York among American cities was established in the 1840's. In 1825 the Erie Canal had opened into the Hudson, linking New York by water with the West, and in 1849 the railroad finished its spidery crawl down alongside the Canal and the river. The Canal might just as well — might better, some thought — have gone to Baltimore, which also had a fine harbor and was no farther from Buffalo. In that case, the railroad would unquestionably have followed along, and Baltimore, so close to Washington, would have become the great city of the Western Hemisphere. But it did not happen that way. DeWitt Clinton was a booster, and he promoted the Canal. This made New York the great American seaport, and when the money power settled down on Wall Street, New York controlled the two great bottlenecks of the period — money and shipping.

A product of the nineteenth century, New York is something of an anachronism in the twentieth. It reached the heights during a period of mercantilism and speculation. Its own industries were, and are, small-scale

affairs, depending more on hand work than on machinery. Now it finds itself in a period dominated by mass production and rigid controls over great wealth. Shipping and money are no longer the main bottlenecks and to the extent that they are still bottlenecks at all, New York has lost its exclusive control over them.

In wartime, of course, the Port of New York bustles with shipping — perhaps half our total war exports according to guarded statements from the Maritime Commission. But unless, after the war, foreign trade revives in a volume that no one now anticipates, many of the great docks and warehouses will be lonely places. During the 'thirties, American shipping, particularly of exports, fell off everywhere. But New York's share of the business declined more than that of other centers. From 1929 to 1939, the decline in its import trade was 29 per cent greater than the average of other seaports, and its export trade dropped by 4 per cent more.

As a shipping center, New York served a country that did nearly all its foreign trade with Europe. During the past two decades, however, large amounts of our commerce has been with South America and Asia, thereby benefiting ports like New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle. This trend is certain to be accentuated after the war. New York will lose still more traffic if proposed inland waterways, such as the projected St. Lawrence Seaway opening up the Great Lakes to ocean

shipping, ever materialize. If goods produced in or bound for the hinterland can be shipped without transfer in New York, the city's shipping prospects will be glum indeed. If air freight ever becomes a reality, the consequences will be unimaginable.

Shipping and commerce brought the money power to New York. The city became the great absentee owner of American industry. But Wall Street's power died with the crash of 1929 and was buried by the New Deal in 1933. Wall Street will continue to do business after the war, but no matter who is running the country, speculation and market values will not be allowed to get so far out of hand as they did twenty years ago. The number of those who make big money on Wall Street will never again be big enough to fill the uptown palaces. If the Securities Exchange Commission is not on hand to see to that, the Collector of Internal Revenue will be.

More important still, the New York banks have been superseded as the backers of industrial enterprise. The small business man can now borrow from his own bank on Main Street, which is no longer in hock to Wall Street. Big business will have to look to the Federal government, the great financier of the present. In its palmiest days, the House of Morgan could never have rounded up the money for the kind of industrial expansion America has seen during the past three years. Nor could it have cushioned the losses of the preceding ten. New York grew up in a period

when business, clustered in its downtown area, was the moving force in American life; today the major influence is government, centered in Washington.

III

Culture and the economic system are not unrelated. Soon after New York gained the economic ascendancy, it became the center of American culture. Broadway became the home of the American theater and all popular entertainment. New York built the largest libraries, art galleries and museums. In the end, it even broke Boston's stranglehold on literature. Publishing houses and magazines located in New York. Inevitably, the writers followed. Columbia University became as highly respected, academically if not socially, as Harvard. New York had the best system of communications with the rest of the country and the rest of the world; it developed the best newspapers, became the only place where one could keep abreast of events everywhere.

Today New York can still lay substantial claims to being the cultural center of the nation. But the competition is stiff, and in some fields it is competition no longer. Hollywood is indisputably our entertainment capital, a fact signalized by more than its position as the home of the motion-picture industry. Recently it has been making great inroads on the radio and the legitimate theater. Since movie actors have had to talk as well

as move, theatrical talent of all sorts has been going west. Most of the popular radio programs now originate in Hollywood. True, Broadway still has the stage, but a large part of it is now being financed by movie producers, and few plays now open on Broadway without a Hollywood name or two glowing on the marquee. In the past few years, the movie colony has been producing its own stage plays and touring them up and down the West Coast. Hollywood's literary colony is not much smaller than New York's.

Confronted with these facts, New Yorkers insist that although Hollywood happens to be located in California, its heart is in New York. To a large extent, this is true. Most of the motion picture people came from New York originally, and most of their work reflects New York tastes and ideas. Nevertheless, Mayor La Guardia's many entreaties have been unavailing in bringing the movies back to New York. And the current movement to make New York the "world fashion center" expresses fear of the future influence of Hollywood, not the past influence of Paris.

A small and relatively homogeneous country can be served by one financial and cultural center. New York could serve an American civilization dominated by the North Atlantic states and ending at the Mississippi. Other regions are today as strong culturally as they are economically. Centers of learning equal in every way to Harvard and Colum-

bia now flourish in every part of the country. The Far West has Leland Stanford, the University of California, and several others. The Middle West has the University of Chicago and many great land-grant institutions. The South has the Universities of Virginia and North Carolina, and fine Negro schools like Howard and Atlanta. Not only can these compete on equal terms with the Ivy League as instructors of the young; they are also developing their own schools of thought — notably at Chicago and Oklahoma — and their own apparatus for getting ideas broadcast.

Most of the "little magazines," the breeding places of much fine literature, used to be published in Greenwich Village; today the Village has few reputable organs of expression, but two of the best literary magazines in the country have turned up such unlikely spots as Gambier, Ohio, and Lincoln, Nebraska, the seats respectively of Kenyon College and the University of Nebraska. One of the most significant trends in book publishing is the rise of the university presses, most of which are outside New York City. Established primarily to publish the dissertations of their graduate students and faculties, they have recently entered commercial publishing, and several have done extremely well at it, making the best-seller lists with fair regularity.

Such activity, becoming more and more decentralized, will gradually lead to the end of New York's domination in general culture.

A city of 7,000,000 human beings has tremendous resiliency. New York may be finished as the financial and cultural capital of the United States, but that is not to say that it is finished as one of the great cities of the world. The chances are that in the future America will not be dominated by any one city but will support many great centers, each serving the needs of its own region and in active communication with the others. Many will approach New York in size; Los Angeles now seems on its way to becoming the second largest American city, and eventually it may equal or surpass New York. But no city, with the possible exception of Washington, will exercise the kind of influence that New York has wielded in the past.

At certain points in the growth of cities, the law of diminishing returns begins to operate. They become unmanageably large and find it hard, both physically and spiritually, to adapt their lives to changing conditions. To think that New York, a city of offices and small workshops, can become a center of heavy industry is demonstrably absurd. It would require a whole new municipal layout, in effect a new city. In part, its salvation may lie in encouraging the development of industry in contiguous areas — Northern New Jersey, Western Connecticut, and Southern New York State. Panaceas like the World Fashion Center and the plan to make the city the greatest American airport are almost worthless. A dozen

such plans, even in full fruition, would not keep any considerable part of New York's millions at work.

New York now has two points greatly in its favor. Having felt the war boom only indirectly, it will feel the shocks of demobilization less than most cities. It will have less unemployment when war contracts end, less of a hangover to sleep off. Moreover, its diversified industries are a stabilizing factor. As one of its small industries becomes outmoded, others will be able to absorb the losses. And its small industries — perhaps leaning more heavily toward fine craftsmanship than they have in the past — will have a place even in a mass-production economy.

That New York's days of remote control are over, no one can doubt. But this should cause no grief, even to the mass of New Yorkers. Comparatively few citizens benefited from the great financial booms. Once it has solved its internal economic problems, New York will be on its feet — not as the capital of the Western world but as one of many American cities. Trimmed down to size, New York will become a more attractive place. The real city has always been miles away from the business and amusement centers in downtown and midtown Manhattan. In the future, the rest of the country may be less inclined to mistake the brassiness of Broadway and the arrogance of Wall Street for the great and human city that is New York.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE JAPANESE

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

AMERICAN boys now fighting the Japanese begin to get their measure. The myth of the Jap as a fighting superman, impressed on us since the Russo-Japanese war and magnified by Pearl Harbor, no longer fools or frightens them. But people at home have yet to rid themselves of an array of popular fallacies about Japanese character.

The average American now thinks of the Jap as a soldier who never retreats and has a special and rather noble passion for dying; a citizen of a peculiarly thin-skinned state concerned chiefly with "saving face" for a "proud and sensitive people." Such ideas have encouraged the conclusion that the Japanese as a whole are submissive, peace-loving little dolls suddenly caught in the clutches of an unmerciful fascistic militarism. The best that can be said for this view is that there are some small grains of truth in it.

For all the peculiarities of his national history and psychology, the Japanese is a pretty ordinary human being. When his overlords found that certain theatrical attitudes elicited applause from the western world, they

kept on giving repeat performances. In the first World War, at a moment when the Allies were in retreat, a Japanese leader was asked why his country did not send soldiers to the European front. "Because," he replied, "the Japanese soldier does not know what it is to retreat." We were so fascinated with flamboyant stuff of this kind that we accepted it uncritically.

Anything that tends to disprove such notions startles us, as if there were something wrong with the Japanese and not with our ideas about him. Take, for example, the comment of Hanson W. Baldwin of the *New York Times*, on the capture of Kiska. "The evacuation of the enemy without a fight was a logical and wise military move on his part, but unexpected and somewhat out of character." The truth is that it was merely out of the character we have glibly ascribed to him.

Japan has never before engaged in a first-class war. In millenniums of existence, she has fought only three foreign wars — one against Korea which ended in 1598, another against China three

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centuries later, and the war with Russia in 1904. In the Korean war, the Japanese gave up and withdrew after four years of primitive fighting. In China, Japan won an easy victory against a helpless neighbor totally unprepared for the struggle, but even then accepted a humiliating adjustment with the western Powers, who did not let her obtain a foothold in China proper. The war with Russia was terminated long before Russia was ready to give up, through the intervention of Theodore Roosevelt. The Powers did not want Russia to win.

Japan, saved from what might well have been a severe drubbing, accepted a peace that denied her a much-needed indemnity and fell far short of her aims. In none of these wars did Japan fight to a clean-cut decision. She struck suddenly and treacherously and withdrew before she had gotten what she was after.

And when we examine the events of the present war, does the assumption of a never-retreating Japan make sense? Did Japan, after the sneak punch at Pearl Harbor, continue fighting, or did she run away? At that moment the Japs had Hawaii at their mercy, but did not have the daring to stick.

Since then Japan has taken much territory and fought hard. But she has done nothing more remarkable, daring or tenacious than the British, Russians and Americans. We are farther from our home base in New Guinea than Japan would have been

if she had occupied Hawaii. But we are sticking. The danger in overestimating the enemy is that it leads us to overweight our punches. Kiska is an example of misjudgment of the enemy's strength and tenacity. The Japanese, it seems, played us for suckers for a year, holding Kiska with fewer men than we thought they had, and forcing us to concentrate more power in the Aleutians than was necessary.

True, our soldiers and marines have discovered that Japanese will often let themselves be annihilated rather than surrender. But this is by no means always the case. One unit of Japanese will fight to the last man; another will come walking in with hands up before they need to surrender. Intelligence officers, questioning Japanese prisoners, have discovered what anyone who knew Japanese character could have pointed out long ago: that Japanese readiness, on some occasions, to die rather than surrender, does not necessarily represent personal courage. More often it can be traced to the fact that Japanese soldiers lack the sense of moral freedom which animates our men. They are a conquered people who retain attitudes beaten into them in long centuries of pitiless despotism. Modern Japanese codes of behavior were shaped long ago by a series of great Japanese dictators who imposed continuous moral defeats upon their subjects, making them retreat and demean themselves in relation to victorious overlords.

II

Another popular fallacy is that the Japanese is indifferent to death. The truth is far less edifying. It is that a Japanese seldom has any choice.

Though Japanese units, under binding orders, will fight to the death, the Japanese as an individual *will not fight for his life*. He capitulates easily before an impasse—and commits *harakiri*. He knows that if he surrenders, social ostracism will make his life a hell anyway. So he fights until killed, and sometimes commits suicide if captured. American boys ordered to stand firm until death also will obey, but theirs is true courage, unmixed by fear of outlawry and terrible reprisals.

Harakiri, it should be understood, is the expression of the moral dilemma in which century-long subservience to overlords has placed the Japanese. The ease with which they apparently take their own lives has been accepted abroad as a symbol of courage and chivalry, when often it is in fact an exhibition of moral cowardice. It is a death sentence imposed by lord or dictator, and then by society, in which the cruelty is heightened by making a man his own executioner.

What we have not quite understood is that despite a superficial modernization of the country, Japan's mental life has undergone no genuine change. The swashbuckling *shoguns* and *samurai* retain the same power over the cowering Japanese soul that they had during the epoch of Japanese self-imprisonment, even though tanks, air-

planes and tommy guns have replaced the sword. Our soldiers report that Japanese never even try to get around a situation. They advance needlessly in the face of a barrage of gunfire, falling by the thousands.

When the panic caused by Doolittle's raid was reported to us, many thought it was being exaggerated. The Japanese, it was assumed, were fatalistic and fearless, calm and unemotional. The truth is that in disaster the Japanese has neither stability nor fortitude. In the 1923 earthquake the Japanese completely lost their heads. They behaved like hysterical madcats, and rushed about with enormous swords whacking down inoffensive Koreans in an orgy of blood-lust.

Far from being calm and stoical, the Japanese is nervous to the verge of hysteria. His tense, strained voice and tones betray the inner strain under which he lives. His life is a perpetual frustration. From the day he is born he is kept by an inextricable web of habit and tradition from natural behavior. In sex and personal matters he knows no restraint. His wife is so completely suppressed that she is almost a race apart. This conflict of excesses and restrictions explains the outbursts of barbarous cruelty, the orgies of lust and loot. The Japanese as a soldier has certain advantages in his small stature, and his capacity to live on little. He has been trained for centuries to a low standard of living and a high standard of dying. But he is a trembling serf, not a hero.

Still another popular fallacy is that

the Japanese people have suddenly fallen under the domination of a military clique. The legend is that about 1931 Japan was wrested from the hands of liberal forces, and that once we release the humble and well-meaning Japanese from that yoke, they will be ready for reasonable international dealings.

It is true that the Japanese are dominated by a military group. But Japan did not undergo a seizure of power such as the Nazis achieved in Germany and the fascists in Italy. The ancient techniques of ruling an enslaved people were merely intensified by industrialization. The same people, standing in the same relationship to one another, holding the same ideas and using the same methods, have been running the country all along.

We were misled because we assumed the modernization of Japan on the industrial side implied some adoption of western ideals and mental attitudes. When Japan was opened in 1854, it went through a period of panicky hatred and fear of foreigners. It emerged with the idea that its only safety lay in acquiring the industrial and war facilities of the west. This meant modernizing the army, building a navy, establishing industries to feed the military machine. It also meant teaching people to read and write so they could better handle machines. The primary impulse, however, was not admiration for or acceptance of modern ways but a determination to meet the hated foreigner with his own weapons.

When Americans speak of restoring constitutionalism or undermining militarism in Japan, they are thinking of something that does not exist. They assume that there are large numbers of "liberals" in Japan who may be called out of hiding at the appropriate time. Unfortunately, there aren't. The Christian, Kagawa? Like all other Japanese "liberals" he renders unto Caesar the things that are God's. Even Yukio Ozaki, one of the few genuine democrats, in his book on democracy in Japan, promised that if anything therein were found inimical to the Imperial Household, he would retract the whole book. A Nehru or a Madame Chiang can hardly be imagined in Japan.

Our assumption that the people of Japan can be distinguished from their rulers, the militarists, leads to all kinds of wishful thinking. Last September the Foreign Policy Association declared that "Japan *may* crack . . . reported indications of current discontent" could be "viewed as signs" of the "existence of democratic or at least anti-militaristic tendencies." But the supposition that internal discontent in Japan leads to anything resembling democracy is a typical western misconception.

Discontent is chronic in that country. The frequency of suicides and assassinations has repeatedly indicated suppressed stirrings of a kind that in other countries might presage real revolution. Such revolution has not come, because when the Japanese are discontented, or even riotous, they

do not try to think their way out to a democratic solution. On the contrary, they rush back to their own tradition and fortify themselves by reviving ancient dreams.

III

The only kind of rebellion that can be expected from the Japanese is summed up in the great popular epic of Japan, the *Cushingrua*, edited by John Masefield under the title of *The Faithful*. Called the story of the Forty-Seven Ronin in Japan, it has been played upon the stage to vast audiences who have wept tears of pity for three hundred years. Ronin, or wave men, were men who had lost their masters. In this epic a certain lord had been murdered by a superior lord. According to code, his retainers had to avenge the death of their master. These forty-seven masterless men therefore set to work to plot revenge. For years they pretended to have forgotten the death of their master. They abandoned their families, wallowed in the gutters, hobnobbed with thieves and lived with harlots, until the murderer began to feel at ease. When he was finally entirely off his guard, they sneaked into the lord's home and murdered him, then proudly gave themselves up for execution, in accordance with the feudal code. Their graves became a national shrine to which millions go every year to worship. Though they performed every vile act of betrayal of their loved ones, they remained faithful to their mas-

ter, and therefore are worshipped by the masses down to 1943.

This epic mirrors the secret discontents of Japanese life, the latent hope of wreaking revenge. But what is the sum-total of the rebellion against the established order? Only the murder of one lord out of loyalty to another. There is no condemnation of the abandonment of wife and children. No one is distressed by the immoral lives of the heroes or by their sneak attack on their victim. Until the Japanese are taught a different code of private and public morals, there is no guarantee whatever that revolt will lead them to greater freedom. They will merely exchange one lord for another.

The spiritual discomfort of the Japanese suddenly released into the world after centuries of hibernation has showed itself for nearly a century in something which we westerners have taken for sensitiveness, pride and need of saving face. This is another of our popular fallacies. To begin with, saving face is not exclusively an Oriental characteristic. It is only a somewhat naïve exaggeration of the personal consideration westerners demand and grant all the time. Among us it is based on a supposition that God created us all equals. There is no such supposition among the Japanese. In no land on earth is life for the ordinary man more consistently a face-losing matter than in Japan. Browbeaten in relation to a superior and to authority, the Japanese bows, hisses meekly, his brow upon the mats before a succession of superiors. The most incon-

sequential official has dignity that must be placated by bowing and scraping.

What then shall we do about the Japanese after unconditional surrender? Destroy their military power and keep it destroyed! Japan has enough other gifts for making a decent life

for itself at home. It might win for itself greater credit for its genuine culture and interests. Re-education of the Japanese is possible, but it will take a long time and intelligent handling. Meanwhile let us not be deceived by any false front of democracy the country may put on.



Man's Dignity

MEN may seem detestable as joint-stock companies and nations; knaves, fools, and murderers there may be; men may have mean and meagre faces; but man, in the ideal, is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature, that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes.

— HERMAN MELVILLE

THE heavens and earth and sea and all that is in them are the works of the Lord, but man is His work in a special sense, for to make him the Lord used His hands. For the other things it sufficed for the Lord to speak and they were made, but for man He took clay and fashioned it with His own hands.

— RUPERT, ABBOT OF DEUTZ

MEN, who are knaves individually, are in the mass very honorable.

— C. L. DE MONTESQUIEU

► *Ruthless state and local
political bosses swing a*

MAILED FIST IN TENNESSEE

BY CHARLES VAN DEVANDER

FROM the benevolent dictatorship of Boss Ed Crump in Memphis, to the gunman-terrorized domain of Sheriff Birch Biggs in rural Polk County, 300 miles to the east, Tennessee has the unenviable distinction of being America's most bossed state of our time. Messrs. Crump & Biggs practice terrorism and intimidation on a scale that makes New York's Tammany Hall look holy by comparison.

Edward Hull Crump, now sixty-eight, moved to Memphis from Mississippi at the age of seventeen. He started out as a bookkeeper and credit man, but soon went into business for himself as a saddlery goods dealer. Meanwhile, he became active in ward politics, and within ten years after he arrived in Memphis he had established himself as the Democratic boss, a position that he has held, and increasingly fortified, during the succeeding forty years. Crump has run for office twenty-two times and never been defeated. He has been mayor four times, county trustee four times and Congressman twice. His last campaign was in 1939, when he was elected as mayor and served one minute.

Crump has complete power over every city, county, state and federal employé in Shelby County. The fact that Memphis has a municipally owned and operated light, gas and water system, gives the political machine a larger-than-average patronage payroll. In addition to controlling the big vote represented by the public employés and their families, Crump attracts the support of the average voter by his claim of efficient government, and the sub-average voters by showmanship. Businessmen are kept in line by not too subtle threats, and examples, of intimidation.

Memphis actually is a well run town, if you like dictatorships. The police force is highly efficient, tax rates are low, and there have been no notable graft scandals in recent city history.

There is nothing illusory about Crump's ability to deliver the vote of Shelby County either in the general election or in the primary. When Gordon Browning was nominated for governor in 1936 with Crump's endorsement, Shelby County gave him 59,874 votes against 878 for two

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opponents, one of whom had the endorsement of United States Senator Kenneth McKellar. Browning broke with Crump during his term but, when he sought renomination in 1938, in the bitterest of modern day Tennessee election fights, Shelby County gave him 9,315 votes and Cooper, the Crump-backed candidate, got 57,255.

But, powerful in vote-getting as he is, Crump does not depend too much on the voice of the people. Shelby County returns are traditionally the last to come in during a state election and, however large a lead a Crump opponent may have coming into Shelby County, the Crump majority there is always larger. With the rest of the state even moderately split, Crump's 60,000 votes in Shelby can decide any state election.

II

Crump regards with open and complete cynicism the question of the Negro vote. Early in his career he found the Negro vote of value. In one campaign he had his workers travel up and down Beale Street with huge blackboards, teaching Negroes to spell the name of his write-in candidate. Crump's man won, with strong Negro support, and the story is that to this day many Memphis Negroes can spell nothing but that candidate's name.

Crump controlled the Negro vote through a Negro lieutenant. But when his agent grew restless and began to show signs of independence, Crump threw a police line in front of the

man's business establishment, had every person entering it searched, and so effectively wrecked the man's business that he gave up and moved to Chicago. The boss' ruthlessness in that case is typical of his manner in dealing with anyone, inside the machine or out, who opposes him. Watkins Overton was mayor and right-hand man to Crump for twelve years. Then Overton disagreed with the boss over some matter which was never disclosed, but which was believed to be trivial. Crump, in ditching the mayor in the next, 1939, election, simply announced that Overton "wouldn't follow along with us, so like everybody else who won't stick with the organization on all matters, we kicked him out."

The chief requirement for Crump's assistants is that they must completely acquiesce in whatever the boss does. In his later years Boss Crump has taken a personal delight in forcing his creatures to humiliate themselves in public. Talking to a reporter in his office recently, Crump got a notion. Picking up a telephone, he called Mayor Chandler at City Hall. "Walter," he said, "I bet you don't know the words to 'America.'" A pause. "You do, huh? Well, let's hear you sing it." So the affairs of Memphis stood still while the mayor sang a song to Ed Crump.

Governor Prentice Cooper finds it necessary to call Memphis or to confer with Crump's representatives at the state capitol before expressing himself on matters of even the slightest importance. Cooper has never shown any

independence during his three terms; a whole series of governors before him had tried to assert themselves and had invariably, as in the case of Browning, been defeated for renomination.

Crump even takes delight in displaying the subservience of the whole electorate. When he decided in 1939 that Mayor Overton must be kicked out, it was late in the political season. The deadline for filing nominating petitions was approaching and no organization candidate had been decided upon. So the boss simply had a qualifying petition circulated with the space for the candidate's name left blank. When plenty of signatures had been obtained, Crump suddenly decided to put his own name in the blank space. He was elected without opposition, was sworn in, resigned, and had the city commission name Walter Chandler as mayor. Crump explained that he had wanted Chandler to stay in Congress during the campaign period to support the Roosevelt administration's bill repealing the Neutrality Act.

Crump has long been a supporter of the poll tax, which is an obvious aid to Southern political machines because it limits the size of the electorate which the machine is seeking to control. But some years ago Crump found a wave of opposition to the poll tax growing within the state, and announced that he favored its repeal. In Governor Prentice Cooper's campaigns in 1938 and 1940 one of the planks in his platform was state action to repeal the vote tax in Tennessee;

but each time, after the election, repeal measures were killed by administration forces in the legislature. Cooper's promises in his 1942 campaign were more specific. This time the repeal bill passed — only to be declared unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court, a majority of whose members owed their election entirely to Crump.

United States Senator Kenneth McKellar, the irascible and patronage-grabbing acting chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, has built up his own separate organization in the state outside Shelby County, but it acts as a unit with the Crump machine and is, in effect, an extension of Crump's Shelby County organization. McKellar, almost as much as Tennessee's junior senator, Tom Stewart, wears his toga at the will of Boss Crump. The only time McKellar has tested his strength against the Crump machine, in the 1936 governorship primary, he was soundly beaten.

Late in 1943 Crump jumped on the Roosevelt fourth term bandwagon when he issued a statement, phrased in typical Crump language:

There is no justification for the "solid South" bolting. The South has fared better than ever before. President Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee if he wants it and he can choose his own Vice President. . . . There are three great dates — birth of Jesus Christ, birth of our Republic, and the years of Roosevelt's work since Pearl Harbor for the American people and the whole world.

Crump has become wealthy through his real estate and insurance business

and investments. Other insurance companies find it hard sledding in his territory. Compulsion presumably is seldom necessary, but there have been cases in which heavy insurers — one specific instance being that of the operator of a tourist camp — have dropped policies in other companies with the statement that they had found that they could not do business unless they shifted to Crump's agency.

There are many evidences that this is the twilight of the rule of bosses, but Memphis has seen no evidence of any such tendency. Crump's power is as absolute and, apparently, as secure as ever.

III

Sheriff Birch Biggs, the Democratic boss of a sizeable section of rural east Tennessee, is a bluff, hearty, loud-mouthed, rough-and-tumble countryman whose distinguishing accoutrements are a ten-gallon hat and a free-swinging revolver. For twenty years he and his son, Broughton Biggs, now a state senator, have alternately held the office of sheriff of Polk County. During that period they have built up a political machine which can deliver the Polk County vote almost solidly. By means of that absolute control, coupled with his influence in adjoining counties, Sheriff Biggs is able to dominate the election of the state senator in a district consisting of four counties and to influence greatly the choice of the representative from the Third Congressional district, which embraces

twelve counties and includes the city of Chattanooga. United States Senators McKellar and Stewart woo the favor of the country boss; Ed Crump is not above seeking his help in a tight state primary contest.

Birch Biggs uses all the known instruments of political power. He controls what local political patronage there is. He maintains excellent and mutually advantageous relations with the Tennessee Copper Company, the only "big industry" in his immediate domain. And he is in a position to extend normal political favors through the local courts. But, in what is normally a peaceful, civilized community of farms and small towns, Sheriff Biggs rules principally by means of terrorism and intimidation, backed by the pistol and the blackjack.

A paragraph of historical background will provide the stage setting. The hill country of east Tennessee did not join the secession movement in 1861. It remained loyal to the Union and provided 30,000 volunteers for the Union army during the Civil War. It has always been Republican since then. The First and Second Congressional districts, in the Tennessee salient which juts out between North Carolina and Virginia, have been Republican steadily since 1858. On the fringe of this section, in the southeast corner of the state, lies Polk County, something of a "border" county, politically. It was normally Republican by up to 1,000 plurality before the rise of the Biggs machine, but it is now as overwhelmingly Democratic,

in election day returns, as is South Carolina — or Memphis.

Birch Biggs, in his own person, is the Democratic Party in Polk County. In the 1942 Democratic primary for the nomination of a candidate for governor, he gave Governor Prentice Cooper (Boss Crump's candidate) 3,970 votes to fifty for his opponent, former Representative Ridley Mitchell. In the same primary he gave 3,899 votes to United States Senator Stewart, a Crump candidate for renomination, and only 122 to Stewart's two Democratic opponents.

In the general election of November 3, 1942, in what had been a Republican county not so many years earlier, Sheriff Biggs allowed just eighty-six votes for E. N. Frazier, the Republican candidate for governor. Governor Cooper, the Democratic candidate for reelection, got 3,560.

Over the years, Biggs had expanded his influence beyond the borders of Polk County, into adjoining Bradley County, without attracting much attention. But about six years ago, when he began to branch out in the other direction, into McMinn and Monroe counties, he ran into difficulty because of the fact that he was invading another Congressional district.

Representative John Jennings, Jr., a Republican, whose home is in Knoxville, and whose district includes McMinn and Monroe counties, became alarmed, and with good reason, by Sheriff Biggs' activities. In a district that has been as consistently Republican as have Maine and Vermont,

Jennings saw the GOP majority whittled down from 16,143 votes in 1938 to 9,611 in 1941, and to a mere 2,529 in 1942. So Jennings, screaming "fraud" in a loud and indignant voice, ran to the Department of Justice of the Democratic administration in Washington.

In one of the election precincts of McMinn County in the 1940 election the three precinct election officials, after slugging a citizen who insisted on casting his own vote, had decided to close up the polling place — perhaps to prevent further disorder. That was at ten o'clock in the morning, one hour after the polls had opened. As a result of this informal and early calling off of the election, some 400 registered voters in the precinct had been unable to vote.

Jennings pointed out to the Department of Justice that this wasn't right. Attorney General Francis Biddle decided, after due consideration, that it wasn't even legal. It took two years for the combined efforts of Jennings and a United States Attorney General to bring the three culprits to justice. And when they had duly been convicted Federal District Judge Leslie R. Darr, sitting in Chattanooga, fined them one cent each.

Representative Jennings exploded in a wrathful attack on Judge Darr and Sheriff Biggs alike on the floor of the House.

"Birch Biggs and his satellites," Jennings said, "refer to McMinn and Monroe counties as 'occupied counties.' They are seeking to put them on

the level on which Hitler has placed France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the other conquered countries of Europe."

IV

It was not the first time Sheriff Biggs had been likened to Hitler. The same comparison had been used by some of the defense attorneys for a group of labor union members who fell into the sheriff's hands in 1939. This incident became something of a *cause célèbre* in union and court annals under the title, "U. S. v. Anderson *et al.*" It is briefly recorded here to illustrate, on an easily comprehensible scale, the close connection between "big business" and a closely held political machine.

In 1939 a strike occurred at the Copperhill mines of the Tennessee Copper Company, the only big industry in Polk County. Sheriff Biggs, who can depend on the company's owners for sizeable campaign contributions, promptly placed himself at the head of an army of two hundred deputy sheriffs — whose salaries were paid by the company.

For several months this army of strikebreakers systematically created a reign of terror in Polk County. From temporary headquarters on the company's property Biggs directed his specially deputized company guards in searching strikers' homes, stopping and searching all cars that were out after dark, and generally terrorizing the strikers and their families.

The strikers grew steadily more bitter. Finally, two power lines feeding the copper plant were blown up. Working with two FBI agents, Biggs supervised a round-up of eighty suspects. They were taken to a YMCA building on the company's grounds and held there and questioned intermittently for periods as long as six days, in some cases, until a series of confessions was obtained. The convictions based on those confessions were reversed by the United States Supreme Court on March 1, 1943, in a decision that struck a body blow at the use of third degree methods by law enforcement officers.

Meanwhile, the methods by which Biggs' machine obtained its election day majorities were being exposed to public light in some other court proceedings, based on the activities of the sheriff's political satellites in McMinn and Monroe counties. The chairman and secretary of the McMinn County Board of Election Commissioners resigned their offices in the fall of 1942. The resignations came promptly after a legal action had been filed, seeking their removal for gross violations of their trust. Here were some of the sworn charges, which the two top county election officials did not permit to come to trial:

At Etowah (pop. 4000) Policeman Clyde Rogers was the officer of the election in one precinct and he and the two Democratic election judges were openly armed during the election. At another precinct the election officer was Jim Cantrell, brother of Paul

Cantrell, the outgoing sheriff and candidate for justice of the peace. When the polls closed the ballot boxes from both polling places were taken to the Cantrell Banking Company Building, owned by the brothers, and all voters, including H. D. Rule, the opposing candidate for reelection as justice of the peace, were excluded during the count. (The Tennessee election law prohibits presence of armed men within ten feet of a polling place. It also provides that voters may remain and witness the counting of the vote.)

In all elections in McMinn County in 1938, 1940 and 1942 the ballots were printed on transparent tissue paper, so that both the printed names of the candidates and the voters' marks showed through. The election officers, as they took the folded ballots and deposited them in the ballot boxes, could see whether the individual had voted "according to promise or reward."

In Monroe County, another of Sheriff Biggs' "occupied counties," Sheriff W. O. Brakebill resigned shortly after he had been reelected in 1942. The reason: he had been served in an action brought by his opponent to have the election declared invalid because of numerous frauds.

On election day, according to charges supported by affidavits, Sheriff Brakebill sat in a room in the Madisonville schoolhouse, across from another room in which a polling booth was situated. Madisonville, the county seat, is a country town of 1,000 population.

The sheriff, it was alleged, had a large sum of money which he parceled out in \$2 and \$3 payments to scores of voters who dropped by his room before going to the voting booth. Sheriff Brakebill also had a pile of ballots, already marked with a cross by his name, according to the same charges. Here was the system, as explained in the court papers: The voter, taking his \$2 or \$3, was handed one of the pre-marked Brakebill ballots at the same time. When he went into the other room to vote he was given a clean ballot by the election officials, but he was expected to drop the pre-marked ballot in the box and deliver the clean ballot back to the sheriff's election-day headquarters, across the hall.

The real flavor of the Monroe County election, however, was to be found down at the Madisonville court house, where there was another polling place. On election duty at the court house was a whole regiment of Brakebills, some probably armed. Mrs. Beula Brakebill, who was not only the sheriff's wife, but also the coroner of Monroe County, was ensconced in the office of the county judge. She was plentifully supplied with money which she paid out to voters during the day, it was charged.

In the room where the election was held were Rankin Brakebill, the sheriff's brother, who served as the officer of the election, with a pistol sticking in his belt; Joe Brakebill, a relative, who was a candidate for the office of county road superintendent; and Joe's

son, D. M. Brakebill, also armed and serving as an election judge.

Former Sheriff Hugh Webster, the immediate predecessor of Brakebill, was named in the removal suit as having purchased more than one hundred votes at \$2 each. "The bastards wanted \$3, but I wouldn't pay 'em but \$2 a head," he was quoted as saying.

Deputy sheriffs, armed with pistols, were on duty at every precinct as election officers and judges. There were vote-buyers at every polling place. Voters for Brakebill's opponent claimed that they were intimidated and terrorized. At the court house precinct, ten more votes were counted than there were voters. At the school-house precinct votes outnumbered the voters on the poll list by fifty-eight. At another polling place, election officials ran off with the ballot box before the votes were counted.

As already noted, Sheriff Brakebill resigned a few weeks after he had been reelected, without letting these charges come to trial. But Boss Biggs is still riding high. In the past three years he has used his influence in the state legislature, with the sanction and aid of the big boss, "Ed" Crump, to solidify still further his position in Polk County and in the adjoining counties.

Sheriff Biggs obtained full recognition as a power in state elections during the 1942 campaign, when Senator Stewart and Governor Cooper were

up for renomination and reelection. There was no difficulty about reelecting the governor, but Senator Stewart faced strong Democratic opposition, despite his backing by Boss Crump.

Two weeks before the 1942 Democratic primary, some able political students in the state thought that Stewart was sure to be defeated by his opponent, Ned Carmack. But at that point Senator McKellar came down from Washington and took charge. Leaving Shelby County in the efficient hands of Boss Crump, McKellar devoted himself exclusively to the situation in east Tennessee.

The general interpretation of what happened was that McKellar and Biggs worked out a deal with the Republican organizations in the eastern counties, particularly those in the First Congressional district, where Representative Carroll Reece is the recognized Republican boss. Under this arrangement the east Tennessee Republicans voted in droves in the Democratic primary for Stewart; in return the Republicans were relieved of considerable election day worry about some of their county officials whom the Democrats otherwise might have beaten.

To signalize his arrival as a real boss, Sheriff Biggs gave a big barbecue for his followers after the 1942 election. It cost \$1,000 and in everything but size it rivaled even Boss Crump's annual post-election parties.



THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Ballistics

GUIDE TO GUNS

BY CALVIN GODDARD

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ARTILLERY firing pieces were invented about the year 1300. On the basis of barrel length they are classified into *mortars*, *howitzers* and plain *guns*. The mortar is a short, stubby piece of limited range, intended to hurl its missile high into the air, passing over any impenetrable object lying between it and its target, upon which it drops almost vertically. The howitzer is longer, capable of greater horizontal range, but able also to lob its missiles over a long, curved path like the mortar. The gun is the longest of all, with a possible range of thirty miles¹ and intended for relatively flat fire.

Another way to classify guns is as *mobile* (field) artillery, contrasted with relatively *immobile* types such as railway, fortress and seacoast weapons. Again, they may be designated by mode of employment, as tank, anti-tank, antiaircraft, etc.

¹ The Paris Gun (commonly miscalled Big Bertha) had a range of 75 miles. This was a ballistic freak, however, and not practicable for general use. The Big Berthas were the 42 cm (16½ inches) howitzers used in destroying the forts of Liège and Namur at the beginning of World War I.

Field artillery dates from the close of the fifteenth century. Previously guns were mounted on rude sledges and capable of very little mobility. Today's light and medium field artillery rolls on pneumatic tires, and all types formerly horse-drawn are now commonly hauled by automotive power. They comprise three general classes: the light (up to 105 mm), medium (to 155 mm) and heavy (up to 240 mm). The 75 mm gun, so famous in World War I, has now given place to the 105 mm howitzer, a more versatile piece.

The figures in millimeters refer to the bore diameter of the weapons, *i.e.*, the diameter of the hole in the hollow tube which constitutes the gun barrel. To convert to inches, a quick method is to multiply the number of millimeters by .04. Thus the 75 mm gun becomes approximately a 3 inch, the 150 mm a 6 inch, etc.

While a gun is generally thus classified by its bore diameter, the bore size of hand and shoulder weapons is more commonly designated as their "caliber" and quoted in 100ths of an inch. But when caliber is spoken of in connection with artillery, it is usually employed in giving the length of the barrel. Thus a 12 inch, 8 caliber mor-

tar would be a mortar with a barrel 8 feet long 12 inches in diameter and a 6 inch, 20 caliber howitzer would have a barrel 20 feet long 6 inches in diameter.

Tank and antitank, aircraft and antiaircraft guns are special-purpose adaptations of various types of field artillery. They require uniquely designed mounts and recoil mechanisms according as they are intended to fire at great angles (antiaircraft), to be light and compact (aircraft), of limited recoil because of lack of space available (tanks), etc. They run in caliber from some 20 mm (.8 inch) to 150-155 mm (6 inches), the trend being constantly toward larger sizes as need for greater range and penetration becomes apparent. Tank destroyers are in effect tank chasses with light super-structures. Their reduced overall weight enables them to carry heavier guns and to outmaneuver tanks of similar size, while their crews, not encased in armor to the extent of those in tanks, have a wider range of vision.

II

The high efficiency of modern guns arises largely from the introduction (1850-1880) of rifling and breech loading, plus the invention of smokeless powder in the 1880's and efficient counter-recoil mechanisms in the 1890's.

When guns fired black powder, the resulting pall of smoke was often so heavy as to offer a screen behind which an alert enemy could push home an

assault. And when a gun lacking a counter-recoil mechanism was discharged, the energy of recoil invariably caused it to roll or slide rearward for a considerable distance, requiring the expenditure of much manual labor to bring it back into position for firing another round. Today the slight smoke produced by "smokeless" powder clears away almost instantly, and the carriage of a modern gun fitted with a proper counter-recoil device, does not move from its position when the piece is fired.

The latter is accomplished by the use of a cradle in which the gun barrel proper may slide back and forth — the rest of the piece remaining stationary. As the barrel recoils after firing, it may compress powerful coiled springs which, when the force of recoil has been exhausted, push it back to its original position, or "into battery," to use a military term. More commonly, a rod fixed to the barrel drives rearward, during recoil, a piston which compresses a mixture of air and some suitable fluid, stored in a "recoil cylinder." Once again, when the energy of recoil has been used up, the compressed mixture starts to expand, driving the piston, and with it the piston rod and barrel, back to firing position.

Rifling — the cutting of a number of equally spaced, spiral grooves from end to end of a gun tube — makes it possible to spin a missile fired from that tube, and so cause it to fly much farther and straighter than if driven through a smooth bore. It also makes it possible to employ heavy, elon-

gated projectiles which range, with equal powder charges, much farther than the old-fashioned spherical type. The spin is imparted not directly to the steel body of the shell, but to one or more copper "rotating bands" which encircle it near its base. The diameter of the shell itself is just large enough to allow it to ride on top of the "lands" (strips of metal left between the grooves after these are cut). The overall diameter of the rotating bands is great enough to reach from the bottom of one groove to the bottom of that opposite it across the bore. When the shell leaves the chamber and starts up the bore, the lands bite into these soft copper bands, causing them, and with them the projectile of which they are a part, to follow the spiral of the grooves, and so develop a "spin" like that of a top. If not so spun, a modern artillery missile would start tumbling end over end as soon as it left the gun — and get nowhere.

Loading by the breech, instead of *via* the muzzle, simplifies enormously the problem of getting the missile and its propelling charge into the chamber of a gun. Before its introduction, the muzzle had to be lowered for the insertion of powder and projectile, while the gun crew clustered about it were likely targets for hostile riflemen. Further, one could never be certain whether all the smouldering remnants from the last firing had been extinguished.

Guns fire projectiles of many types, such as *canister* (a cylinder full of lead

or steel balls that scatter widely soon after leaving the muzzle), *shrapnel* (somewhat similar to canister but timed to explode and scatter its balls over the ranks of a distant enemy) also high explosive and armor-piercing shells. The statement frequently made that a man has been injured by shrapnel, is usually incorrect; shrapnel, and canister too, being in very limited use today. Most "shrapnel" wounds, so called, are produced not by shrapnel balls but by fragments of steel shell which have been burst by the ignition of their contained charges of *high explosive*. Armor-piercing shells are of the high explosive type, but made with very strong, thick noses to permit piercing heavy armor before exploding. Because of the extra weight and thickness of the metal, the contained explosive charge is relatively smaller than that of high explosive shells.

To ignite the bursting charge within a shell, some kind of *fuze* is necessary. This is a delicate mechanism inserted sometimes into the nose of a projectile, sometimes into the base, sometimes one at both ends. Fuzes are of two types — those set to operate after the lapse of a given period of *time*, and those which function on *impact*, *i.e.*, when the shell strikes a resistant object. The charges which propel modern artillery shells may be *fixed*, *semi-fixed*, or *separate-loading*. A fixed charge is in effect an oversize rifle cartridge, with powder, primer and missile all contained by a metal case of brass or steel. When using a semi-

fixed charge the projectile is rammed into the chamber of the gun, followed by a separate metal case containing powder charge and primer. When separate loading is employed, the process is similar except that one or more *bags* (tightly rolled cloth cylinders filled

with powder) follow the projectile into the chamber, and a separate primer is inserted into the breech block. Light artillery uses fixed ammunition; medium, fixed or semi-fixed; while heavy types call for separate loading.

Medicine

MALIGNANT MALARIA

BY WILLIAM E. CRAFT

THERE is grave danger that a malignant form of malaria, hitherto confined almost entirely to the boggy recesses of steaming African and Southern Pacific jungles from Natal to Guadalcanal, will spread to the United States. Large numbers of mosquitoes capable of carrying the germs of the disease are already present in America — in the heart of New York City's Central Park, in Wisconsin, and in Maine. Several cases of the deadly disease which they transmit with one seemingly innocuous sting have already appeared in New York, Boston, and Chicago, among men just returned from tropical war areas. Striking suddenly and violently, this strangely malignant form of malaria often kills within a week.

In its early stages malignant malaria frequently masquerades as a common cold or simple grippe, or an ordinary

intestinal disorder. The following case history is illustrative:

L. A., a welder who had been employed in East Africa on a war construction job, recently returned to the United States by air. En route he stopped off for a week at Accra, on the African Gold Coast. On arriving at Miami he experienced a chill, but continued his trip to New York. Two days after reaching home he consulted a physician because of a cold. Examination revealed nothing but the usual annoying signs and symptoms of a common cold. His temperature was normal, and routine symptomatic treatment was prescribed. But on the following day he shuddered with a body-racking chill, suddenly became mentally unbalanced, and swiftly fell into a deep stupor from which he was never to be aroused. Intensive intravenous treatment was administered, but too late to check the overwhelming infection. He died just eight days after experiencing his first chill in

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Miami, five days after consulting a physician for his "cold." Autopsy examination revealed that all the vital blood vessels in his brain were completely clogged with red blood cells, immobilized by millions of tiny malaria parasites . . . parasites that had been injected into his blood by a tropical mosquito in Accra.

Symptoms of this disease have been found to be so varied and so deceptive that many of the accepted medical textbook descriptions of malaria have become meaningless and misleading. No regularly recurring bouts of chills and fever, with the periodic relapses of ordinary benign malaria, characterize malignant malaria. There are no relapses because there is no time for relapse. If intensive treatment is not administered promptly, death may intervene. In contrast, ordinary malaria is rarely fatal.

The unpredictable nature of malignant malaria is due to the fact that it attacks different parts of the body in different individuals. Its manifestations and clinical course accordingly vary with the point of attack. When the brain is invaded, stupor and rapidly progressing coma are the commonest results. In some cases mental confusion and derangement are the predominant effects. When the heart is invaded first, the results are indistinguishable from heart failure due to usual causes. Though malignant malaria is not an entirely new disease, it is new to America and is therefore unfamiliar to most American physicians.

United States health authorities,

acutely aware of the threatening danger, are concerned about what will happen in the postwar period, when large numbers of American fighters will return from tropical and subtropical areas where all forms of malaria are rampant. A recent experience of the senior medical officer at an outlying American base is indicative of the widespread prevalence of the disease. The region surrounding this tropical base consisted of miles of swampland that could not be drained, while the dense jungle growth precluded penetration of the area for oiling or other methods of mosquito prevention. Adjacent to the military base was a crowded settlement of natives, thoroughly infested with malaria. Despite prodigious mosquito control measures on the actual base site, hungry hordes of mosquitoes swept in from the swamps, became infected with malaria parasites from the native population, then inoculated members of the base who were exposed during the performance of essential night duties. An immediate decision was made to examine all personnel thoroughly, irrespective of the presence or absence of malaria symptoms. Examination revealed the astonishing fact that 66 per cent of the entire naval personnel and 48 per cent of the Army group had become infected with malaria. Of greatest significance, 65 per cent of the infected men had been stricken with malignant malaria! Had not diagnosis been prompt and treatment intensive, this base might have been wiped out.

Inevitably, many American fighting men unavoidably infected abroad or *en route* to America will bring back malaria with them. Some already have. With infected individuals conveniently present, waiting mosquitoes will have abundant source material for their sinister work of transmitting this tragic form of malaria to new victims, who, in turn, will infect additional mosquitoes, thereby establishing an ever widening and viciously spreading circle of infection. Paradoxically, the mosquito is entirely immune to the deadly infection he harbors, acting only as a carrier.

II

America's civilian population will be in greater danger than the men whose return they so anxiously await because civilian physicians are not, as a class, familiar with the disease. The doctors of the United States Army Medical Corps suspect malaria in every patient with any complaint whatsoever, if the patient has been in the tropics or subtropics. Through routine military surveillance, they are in a position to recognize the disease in its early stages and administer prompt, effective treatment. Fortunately, there is a simple, virtually infallible test that will reveal the infection in its earliest stages, before it has become uncontrollable. Every practicing physician can perform this test, *if he will constantly suspect the infection in every case of illness*. Fortunately, too, there is a specific and effective treatment which, if ad-

ministered intensively and early, will stop the killer in its tracks before it has obtained the death grip that, once established, cannot be broken.

The hazards of malignant malaria will be greater for America's civilian population also because of extreme susceptibility to attack. This applies especially to those in our northern and central states. No partial immunity to the disease will have been built up by previous exposure and recovery from less deadly forms of malaria, such as happens with men in the tropics and in parts of the southern United States. No prophylactic or suppressive treatment calculated to lessen the severity of attacks will have been generally disseminated.

The quietly efficient men of the United States Public Health Service do not expect a superepidemic because they do not intend to let it happen. Alert to the lurking danger, they have already begun enormous but unpublicized preparations to meet and defeat it. Intensive anti-mosquito programs have been started, and effective forces are prepared to act vigorously if epidemics occur. The National Research Council's Subcommittee on Tropical Diseases has already issued an official warning to all civilian practitioners to suspect malaria in every person returning from the tropics or subtropics. They also warn that a blood test for malaria parasites should be made immediately on all such patients, irrespective of symptoms or complaints. This is the only certain way to diagnose the infection in its early stages,

the only time when treatment can be effective.

The vitally important blood test is easily performed by the trained physician, and can be rapidly executed with readily available materials. A drop or two of the patient's blood, obtained by pricking the fingertip or lobe of the ear, is placed on a glass slide according to a special technic with which physicians are familiar. After permitting it to dry, it is treated with a prepared chemical dye to sharpen its visibility. It is then ready to be examined for the presence of malaria parasites, through the microscope. Early in the course of the infection, the deadly parasites will appear as small, delicate rings, usually implanted in the margins of the red blood cells. If the first blood test is negative, the blood should be reexamined every twelve to twenty-four hours until the presence of malaria is definitely confirmed or excluded.

The National Research Council also has ordered that every case be reported immediately to the public health authorities, and every precaution be taken to prevent access of mosquitoes to infected patients. All health departments, state and local medical societies have been requested to cooperate by obtaining special instruction in tropical medicine for their laboratory personnel, and by keeping local practitioners informed of all new developments or hazards.

But our public health authorities and medical profession cannot fight alone. They need the help and coop-

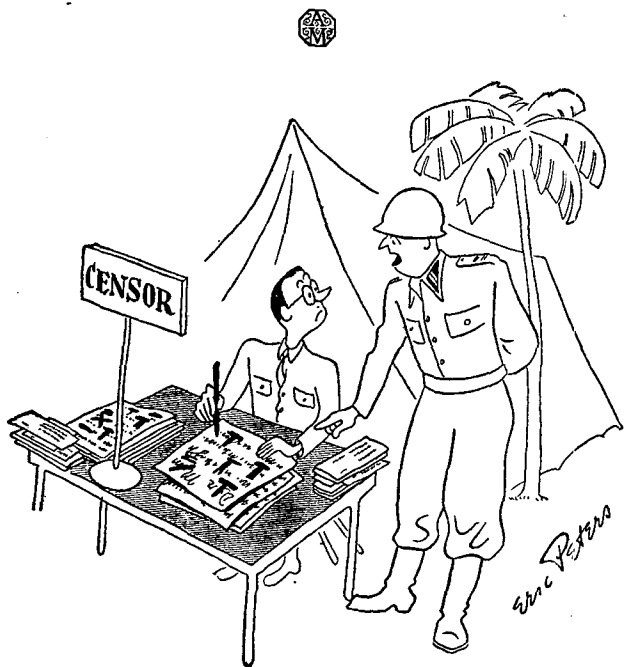
eration of all, especially of the friends and families of men returning from the tropics and subtropics. Captain Harry Most, brilliant young medical authority on malignant malaria, who was one of the first to direct attention to the tragic consequences of the disease, has recently advanced an important set of recommendations that will go far toward preventing the disease from obtaining a foothold in America. In a practical, down to earth statement in one of America's most authoritative medical journals, he recommends, among other things, that every passenger and crew member of airplanes returning from malarious regions be instructed to obtain medical attention at the first development of any symptoms of illness, even those of a common cold.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that this disease must be considered as a possibility in every case, no matter what the symptoms, for it is easily overlooked and rapidly progresses to a point at which treatment is of no avail. Even if the diagnosis of malaria is not made, if the patient's condition takes an alarming turn, intensive treatment against malaria should be instituted without delay. An authoritative statement detailing effective treatment has recently been issued by the Surgeon General of the United States Army. Such treatment cannot harm the patient and may be life-saving.

The two specific drugs capable of destroying the invading parasites are *quinine* and *atabrine*. For a rapid effect

in emergencies, it is best to inject quinine intravenously, or atabrine intramuscularly. When sufficient improvement has occurred, subsequent treatment may be administered orally. Quinine should never be given in sugar coated pills to mask its bitter

taste, because such a coating interferes with proper absorption. Each of these two drugs, if administered sufficiently early and in adequate quantities, is completely effective against this potentially overwhelming infection.



"Listen, Humphries, you've just got to forget you were an English teacher and stop marking those letters!"

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR

A Story

BY BEN REID

SHE finished the dishes and came into the living room and sat in the wing chair. He watched her. She hooked the toe of her shoe under the seat of the little wicker child's rocker and pulled it over in front of her and put her feet on the edge of the seat. He raised the newspaper high enough so that he could look under the edge of the sheet and watch the movements of her body, and she could not see his face and know that he was watching her.

She braced her hands on the arms of the wing chair and moved her body a little, achingly. He saw that she was tired.

He looked at the round curve of her belly where the child was growing in her body. It was not a beautiful body, not quite ugly, but he had loved it many times.

He could tell from the way she moved her feet on the little antique rocker that she was getting ready to speak.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

He put the paper on the floor and leaned his elbows on his knees and looked at her. He did not say anything or feel anything. Then at once

he began to feel a little sad, as he had so many times before.

There had been Sally and Marian and Margaret and Elizabeth. And always Anne. They were married and they were going to have a baby. Anne was mostly happy, but he didn't care very much, and that made him rather sad.

He did not want a smoke but he couldn't sit there doing nothing with his hands and looking at her. He took out the cigarettes and offered them to her, although she did not smoke and he knew she never would. But he always offered her a cigarette and she always declined and they always laughed a little about it. It was a part of their little ritual, and sometimes they were quite happy about it.

Sally had been pretty and Margaret had been too beautiful. Marian was witty and charming and altogether for herself. Elizabeth had been intelligent and had legs like a race horse. And he had loved all of them, sometimes two or more at the same time. None of them had quite loved him and he understood that. They were after bigger game, and he and they knew that only by accident would he ever

be bigger game. But he had never loved Anne.

She was always there and loved him, because he had always been kind to her. But he was kind to everybody; he was psychologically incapable of being unkind to anyone for more than a moment.

Of course, she could not have known that; she had not discovered it until it was much too late. When she was a sophomore in college and he took her to the play it was the first date she had ever had, and she was twenty years old. He kept being her only date after that although he had some other dates himself. Gradually it worked out so that practically all his dates were with Anne. He did not plan it like that but that was the way it evolved, and there it was.

He never loved her in the way he had loved the others — instinctively, joyously. But she came to compose an important part of his life. In the spring semester when she had the endocrine disorder he helped to pull her through by being there all the time and doing everything possible. By then fate was already working to bring them together.

He was sorry about it and now he was sad because there was nothing exciting about it, nothing of romance. But he did not rebel because he could not be unkind. He had come to know the reason the others had never loved him.

It was because there was a strong part of him which was closed to romance and opened to kindness and

stability. So this was the part the others had found so unpleasant, and they were frightened of so much sheer kindness and stability. They were right, but it was this part of him which appealed to Anne. And they were married.

Now Anne loved all of him, this part and the rest of him, too. But the rest of him refused to love Anne. It loved youngness and beauty and light-heartedness. The two parts of him fought before he and Anne were married, and afterward, as he had expected them to do. They were still fighting and that was the reason he felt sad now.

The basic question was whether the part of him which accepted Anne could conquer the part which still searched for splendor, and they would be happy altogether; or whether the force for romance would win over the force for kindness and stability, and they would remain unhappy, or at best neutral.

II

He smoked and looked at her. He wondered how much she understood of what he thought. How much she understood and was afraid to acknowledge, even to herself. He thought the baby was a part of that. She must have believed or at least hoped that the baby would be the point of resolution once and for all in favor of kindness and stability. Suddenly he was wondering if he had not had the same idea himself.

But tonight there was no baby, and he was sad because he was young and did not feel young but old. Anne looked across at him and smiled and made her little child's kissing movement with her lips. He did not smile out thought, and he saw that she was crying, not tears but crying inside. He knew that if he had not been there she would have been crying tears.

He could not be unkind but often he wondered if he were not being more unkind in keeping up the show; if he might not have been most kind by putting an end to their being together. But then there was his idea always that man must maintain his responsibility to others whom he can hurt before he even thinks of his responsibility to himself. This was not sometimes but all the time and would always be. For that reason he had never counted too strongly on personal happiness, and he knew he must not begin to do so now. Anyway now it was too late and things were fixed. But always resignation was the thing which was most hard.

Anne said "Hello" again.

He did not answer but looked at her and thought about her and himself and now the baby.

"Throw something at me," she said. "I'm a sucker for slapstick."

Now he smiled and put out his cigarette, and said, "Hello. Hello, Anne. Merry Christmas." It was Christmas Eve.

She was immediately happy and she stopped crying inside. "I'm a sucker for Christmas," she said. "God rest ye

merry gentlemen and all that sort of thing." She got up and came over to his barrel chair and knelt between his feet on the rug and took hold of his hands. He kissed her and she put her head on his knee. He ran his fingers through her hair and looked over her head into the fireplace.

"I love you," she said.

He looked into the flames as he loved to do. He did not answer because he could not. There were times when the part of him which had loved and been loved by the other girls was stronger than the part which accepted Anne and was loved by her. This was one of the times and he was sad; and he knew at once that she knew it and that she was crying inside again. He wondered if it would always be like this.

Tonight the sadness was especially tormenting. Perhaps he was sensing the possibility of the final victory which would come for kindness and stability when the baby came. Perhaps the romantic part of him was bitter in the face of defeat. Resignation was hard. He did not want to sit still in the barrel chair before the fire and run his fingers through Anne's hair. He was afraid he might say or do something which would hurt her.

He recited some lines that came to his mind. "My love, thy hair is one kingdom the king whereof is darkness; thy forehead is a flight of flowers. Thy head is a quick forest filled with sleeping birds."

"Cummings," she said. This was a part of the ritual, too.

"Of course. And Solomon." He took hold of her hair gently and turned her face up and kissed her. Now she was crying tears. He stood up. "I'm going for a walk." She was crying.

"Kiss me again," she said.

"I'm going for a walk."

She went to the hall closet and brought his raincoat and hat and her own. "It's raining," she said. "You shouldn't go,"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"May I go, too?"

"No."

"Can't I go with you?"

"No. You shouldn't run the risk of catching cold."

"I see. And it's no risk for you."

"No. Nothing so prosaic as a cold will ever get me."

"Then kiss me again," she pleaded.

He kissed her and went out.

III

It was raining hard. He walked half a block to the drug store and got some tobacco and lit his pipe. Then he turned west six blocks into the university campus and started walking the graveled paths up and down the hills. He passed the nightwatchman three times in two hours and saw him getting worried and suspicious. Tonight he did not care.

But the walk did no good. He was as perplexed as ever. He started home, cutting directly across the campus, avoiding the walks and the night-

watchman, sloshing through the muddy grass.

He started across the street at the corner. When he got to the curb on the other side he looked back and there was Anne. She stood on the opposite curb under the streetlight. They stared at each other through the rain. She was drenched and he knew she had followed him the whole two hours.

She started across the street toward him, never taking her eyes from his face. Then he saw the bus coming, and for an instant his whole body was as fluid and without volition as the rain. His feet left the curbing like those of a sprinter from his starting holes and he met her in the middle of the street and ran with her in his arms to the sidewalk she had left and fell with her there. He felt the front bumper of the bus rip the skirt of his raincoat. They stood on the sidewalk and he held to Anne and felt the muscles in his thighs moving spasmodically up and down.

"God damn it," he said. "Look at my coat." He had to say something. He was crying. For the first time in ten years he was crying.

"Yes," she said. "God damn it, look at your coat. Why didn't you let them hit me?"

They crossed the street and started home. He stopped. "Listen," he said. "I'll answer your question. I didn't let them hit you because now I know I love you."

"Say that again."

"I love you."

"Say it again."

"I love you."

"Let's go home," she said.

"No," he said. "I want to talk. We have never talked. Did you ever feel as if you wanted to talk? Talk to me, I mean."

"I've always wanted to talk to you but I was afraid to talk to you. I was frightened of what you might say."

"All right. Of course. But now I want to talk to you."

"Let's walk," she said. They started walking again.

"I love you," he said. "I love you."

"Suddenly," she said. "You love me suddenly."

"Yes, suddenly. And from now on I love you." They walked and he talked. "I love you now because I know the largest part of me is not splendor but stability. And you are the same way."

"Yes. But you don't love me."

"I have never known it before but now I know it."

"And what happens to your search for splendor? Do you turn it off like a light?"

"Yes."

"No. You can't do that. It will stay."

"It will stay but it will be fused, because now I know that the part of me which calls for romance and splendor is not my significant part. The part of me which is significant is the part that loves you, and I will make that part all of me from now on."

"You can't do it."

"Maybe I can't. But I will tell myself that all the time and most of the time I will believe it, and that is as close as we can hope to come."

They went into the house. "Will you be happy?" she said.

"No."

"Of course you won't be happy. Nobody is ever happy and you least of all."

Anne went into the bath room and started drying her hair. He hung his sodden coat in the kitchen and went back and sat down in front of the fire and smoked. "What are you doing?" he said.

She did not answer. He got up and went to the bath room. She was standing by the wash basin with a razor blade in her hand, looking at herself in the mirror. "What are you doing?" he said.

"I'm committing suicide," she said.

"All right," he said. "I'll commit suicide, too."

"No," she said. "You are going to be happy. I am going to turn off stability like a light and leave you splendor."

"No," he said. "You can't do it. You can't kill the baby."

"Yes," she said. "I can't kill the baby. You are right." Now she was crying tears.

"Look," he said. He kissed her. "We'll make a token suicide." He took the razor blade and made a small cut in the ball of his thumb and held it over the washbowl as it started to bleed.

"Now you do the same thing."

She was crying. She wiped her eyes on the washcloth.

"That's a hell of a romantic idea. I won't do it," she said.

"I've never pretended to be anything but a romantic."

"You've never pretended to be anything."

He put the stopper in the washbowl.

"You see it. There is our splendor," he said. He took gauze from the cabi-

net and wrapped his thumb. Then he pulled the stopper out of the bowl and the little trickle of blood ran into the drain. "There goes splendor," he said.

"That's a hell of a sentimental idea," she said.

"I'm a sucker for sentiment," he said.

"All right," she said. "I'm terribly tired." She was crying. "Let's go to bed."



THIS TOO . . .

BY ELMA DEAN

WHEN it is finally over
grass will cover
the ragged earth
and the split rock bring forth
moss and a white flower —
the far-off anguished hour
return to haunt the mind
less often . . . and the sound
you listened for recede
to silence. The sharp need
will blur a little. You will count the stars,
remembering, but not with tears.

► *Spies, intrigues and night life
in rumor capital of Near East.*

LIVING IN CAIRO TODAY

BY WILLIAM MCGAFFIN

THE green, palm-fringed island in the middle of the Nile called Gezira is one of Cairo's most *de luxe* residential districts. Many of the ancient capital's wealthiest and most pedigreed citizens live here in bougainvillea-clad mansions and in luxurious houseboats anchored on the water's edge. Here, too, is the Gezira Sporting Club—a place for golf, cricket, swimming and racing—which is perhaps the most blasphemed country club in the world. To detractors it is the very symbol of one way to fight the war—the comfortable way.

According to a popular rhyme you hear recited around the bars, Gezira also houses some of the world's most *chi chi* Mata Haris. If the bawdy rhyme is to be believed, these lady spies have an irresistible attraction for some of the lonely goats in uniform around town. After the third bottle of American beer (only a dollar a bottle, gentlemen, not including the backsheesh) you are likely to listen to the ditty being rollicked in assorted accents. It concerns a girl

known as Venal Vera, and the few printable excerpts go like this:

My name is Venal Vera
I'm a lovely from Gezira
And the Führer pays me well for what
I do. . . .

I often have to tarry
In the back seat of a gharry
It's part of my profession as a spy. . . .

While I yield to the caresses
Of the DDWS's
I get from them the low-down on the
works. . . .

So the colonels and the majors
And the whisky-soaked old stagers
Enjoy themselves away from England's
clime.

Why bring victory any nearer
When the lovelies from Gezira
Provide them with a lovely unprintable
time?

Intelligence officers will tell you that this jingle is dated, that there are no Venal Veras in Cairo any more. I wouldn't know. They certainly rounded up a lot of them.

Take that dusky little dancer who performed nightly in a popular cab-

WILLIAM MCGAFFIN has been foreign correspondent for the Associated Press since 1937. He witnessed the fall of France, went through the London blitz and has covered major events of the war in North Africa, the Middle East, the Mediterranean, India, Russia and China.

aret. After wriggling her bare, enticing midriff in a stimulating *danse du ventre* she used to accept the overtures of the best-looking gentleman in the audience who had ten pounds to spare. They would leave the cabaret arm in arm and be driven in her Packard limousine to her snugery on the outskirts of town. When morning came, the lucky gentleman would be given his breakfast and then would be driven back to his barracks. This smart little woman continued her popular service until one day the police raided her place and found their suspicions confirmed. In the raid they picked up, among other things, a couple of Germans dressed in GI uniforms who had been cavorting about Cairo in a stolen jeep.

But the friends of the enemy were not all female, by any means. Some of them were male, highly-placed males — a former prime minister and a former war minister, for example, who were arrested a couple of years ago and publicly accused of doing fifth column work. About the same time it was disclosed that the British plans for the defense of Egypt, neatly translated into Italian, were captured by Wavell when he overran an Italian general's camp during the first push into Libya!

But it's a difficult thing in Cairo to distinguish fact from fiction. Some of the pixy-minded resident foreigners amuse themselves by starting a rumor in the morning and then waiting to see how long it takes to get back to them. Usually it returns before the day is

done — and with wonderful embellishments. Cairo is such a town for rumor that when we first heard it said that the United Nations conference was going to be held there we were inclined to dismiss it as just another. The rumor, however, became an established fact days before the conference began. A press agent's publicity squib slipped by the censors and got into the papers. It calmly announced that Mena House was being evacuated of its regular clientèle to make room for an important international conference which would be held shortly! Down in the Moosky, the native bazaar, the shopkeepers would smile knowingly and ask, "When will they be here?"

Whether or not Venal Veras still abound, the fact that people still gossip about them points up the city's fervent devotion to tale-bearing. Vera may have been apprehended or may have skipped, but venality remains in abundance. It is in the dope runners, in the political tipsters, in the multilingual shopkeepers who charge three different prices for the same merchandise — the lowest for Egyptians, the next for British and the highest, naturally, for Americans who are, as everyone knows, all millionaires.

Cairo is one of those war towns that has suffered more physical damage from bar room altercations than from bombs. Actually, the few times this gaudy metropolis was bombed by the enemy he took care to place them on British military objectives in the suburbs. He wasn't going to hurt his

friends within the city. Spiritually, since rumor-mongers and venal vendors and other wartime sinners long ago lost their conscience, Cairo has suffered no more than physically. There were some bad moments not so long ago when Rommel nearly occupied that suite he coveted at Shepheard's hotel. This almost converted Cairo to a new and more righteous way of life. It has long since forgotten that hysterical fright, however, and has gone back to the main business of war here, which of course is having fun and making money.

Cairo has suffered less from the war, perhaps, than any city outside the western hemisphere. Life is still good in Cairo — not so good as it was but still quite satisfying, thank you. It's not cheap, but then, what would you? Are you interested in a bottle of Chanel Number Five? That cute little French perfume shop on the Kasr el Nil will sell you one for a mere hundred dollars. A pair of Nylons? Go next door and you shall have them — for ten dollars. This is not black market stuff; it is sold openly, legitimately, right across the counter. Would you care for a can of American tomato juice? That grocery store on the corner there, has it. It's good. It should be: a ten cent can costs seventy-two cents. Feel like zipping off on a long motor ride? No trouble; gasoline is not rationed.

There are flaws in this paradise, but what earthly paradise is without them? For example, tires are hard to get; taxis limp around town on wornout

rubber held on the wheels by baling wire. It's almost impossible to buy Scotch by the bottle and it's rationed in the bars. You learn to stay away from the locally made Egyptian whisky which, inspired by a malicious sense of humor, they have given the trade name "American." Men's shoes cost twenty dollars a pair. The tailors still have English cloth out of which they will cut you a suit for, say, a hundred dollars which is only twice what it would cost on Savile row. There are some beautiful apartments in Cairo and there are some mediocre ones. Due to a lodgings crisis in this war-crowded city of over 1,300,000, even a mediocre apartment will cost you, furnished, from 35 to 40 pounds a month.

II

The Number One Britisher in Egypt is the perennial, giant-statured Miles Lampson who was known as high commissioner before the 1936 constitution and who stayed on after that under the title of ambassador. Sir Miles, now Lord Killearn, is a skilled politician who has kept Egypt under Britain's wing for years by deft maneuvering with the two most potent forces within the country — the king and the political parties. At the moment there is no love lost between young King Farouk and Killearn, nor is there between Farouk and the premier, Nahas Pasha. On the other hand, Killearn and Nahas Pasha, who is leader of the Wafdists, the strongest political

party, get along fine. Farouk, incidentally, has grown a beard — some say to make him look more like a caliph in event the Pan-Arabian movement succeeds.

Farouk has his troubles, not the least of which is his thrice-denied effort to produce a son and heir. His beautiful young queen, who lives in secluded grandeur in the sprawling Abdine Palace, gave birth a few months ago to their third daughter. All Egypt sighed wistfully and resumed being nice to Farouk's uncle, aged white-bearded Prince Mohammed Ali, who according to Egyptian protocol, is heir to the throne until Farouk begets a son.

The city of rumors possibly spins more about its king than any other single individual. Farouk had an automobile accident eighty kilometers out in the desert just before the Cairo conference and was taken to a desert hospital. He did not recover sufficiently to return until after the conference was ended. This set the city buzzing with fantastic stories. The king likes Americans and some people say he has set out to popularize himself with us. Certainly many young officers and pretty American girls who work in the various government bureaus have been invited to his elegant dinner parties at either the Auberge des Pyramides or the Club de Chasse, two of his favorite haunts outside town.

The American soldier has made a definite imprint on Cairo. There no longer are combat troops quartered

there but it remains the favorite furlough city and there is a continuous stream arriving from the Italian front. American wounded, too, are flown in from the battlefield to be treated in the hospitals of Cairo, including the excellent new air-conditioned one at Camp Huckstep, the modern American camp built alongside the mammoth American-built Payne air field in the desert about twenty-five miles outside town.

Thousands of Yankees have stayed on at Cairo as Service of Supply troops, ground force and engineers. It is a crossroads, too, for globe-girdling transport pilots. Lend-lease supplies pour through on their way to the various Middle Eastern countries. The volume and importance of the stuff calls for a general to handle it. He is assisted by a large staff housed in a cluster of pasha's mansions along one of the most attractive sharias in Cairo.

III

In Cairo as elsewhere it takes plenty of paper work to run an army. But at night, the boys are free to play. Some of them have married French and English girls and the people seem to like them generally. GI Joe suffers in Cairo because of the class restrictions which are traditional with the British army. The best spots in town, such as the long bar at Shephard's where you can get the red-headed American bartender to make you a mint julep if he likes you, are out of bounds to common privates

and noncoms. So, too, are places like Doll's cabaret where Sis and Sil, a Hungaro-American sister act, and Al and Val Reno, panicked *toute la ville* in *La Revue Americaine*.

Joe cannot even get in to Madame Badia's cabaret on Opera Square for the Badia also is limited to officers only. Which probably saves the MP's a lot of trouble, for Joe, with his quick temper, might not take it so smilingly when that cute little dancer stands him up after he has bought her colored water at a dollar a shot all evening. The routine at the Badia, where you also can eat if you're not too discerning, is simple. You dance on the stage to an Egyptian orchestra playing American foxtrots. Then the girls leave you and go up to perform an exciting *danse du ventre* with all the bumps and grinds accompanied by a special Egyptian orchestra playing pure Arab rhythm. Madame herself occasionally comes out and steps off a number with a dignity in keeping with her tall portliness.

The front row long before this has filled with the Arabic version of tired businessmen. They have finished their hubbly bubble pipes and Turkish coffee and come along in their picturesque costumes; some of them are in from the desert on shopping trips, to buy cotton robes for their wives and silk for themselves. They are a vociferous audience but they quiet down respectfully when the *chanteuse* begins to shriek into the mike in a high-pitched voice.

Americans don't understand Arabic

music. Americans think it's not beautiful to hear the same musical phrase repeated again and again in an unmelodic minor key with only slight variations. To our untutored ears, the words the girl keeps shouting into the mike sound — but definitely — like “And a big fat belly, and a big fat belly. . . .” The chorus smiles and echoes, “And a big fat belly!” In Arabic that means “I love you, I love you.” The dancers come down afterward into the audience and resume drinking the non-intoxicating potion faster than you can pull the piastres from your pocket. They make dates with everyone, then at closing time they slip out the back door for a rendezvous with their Egyptian boy friends.

No, Joe would not like that. One of Joe's salvations is the club the Red Cross runs in the Grand Hotel they have taken over. He can go to dances there and eat hamburgers and chocolate malts and get nostalgic over American phonograph records.

Warrant officers and sergeants get a break in a bar reserved specially for them at Groppi's on the midan where Kasr el Nil and Soliman Pasha, two of the main drags, intersect. Mr. Groppi, who also has a garden for dancing, is known as a Swiss now but it is not a nationality he has had long, they say. Whatever he is or was, he has one of the best kitchens in town. His specialties are ice cream and candy.

As in any American town, the movies of Cairo provide an overpowering

attraction to all classes and they are one place where GI Joe can have the best if he can afford it. Joe and the officers and all the others, though, are compelled to book in advance if they want to be sure of seats. Once inside, they may be in a threadbare old-fashioned building, or in a polished replica of an elegant American cinema. Several Hollywood companies have built new picture theaters in Cairo. If, as most likely, it is an English-language picture, not one but three subtitles will be flashed on separate boards around the screen to interpret the dialogue: in Arabic, French and Greek. French is spoken generally in Cairo; perhaps more than English. It is almost a second language. This comes from the strong French cultural influence which has persisted, under the tender nurture of French teachers, missionaries and businessmen, ever since the days of the Napoleonic invasion.

The movies, incidentally, have an annoying habit of stopping half way through. At some of the better houses the break is used for a fifteen-minute broadcast of world news sent out by the British-run Egyptian State Broadcasting company. At others it is utilized by vendors who go about with large trays offering everything from drink to nuts. This is not too disconcerting if you are in one of the many garden cinemas which keep open the year 'round except for the two or three cold winter months.

Shepherd's hotel is definitely part of everyday life in Cairo, but some-

times you wonder why. It is true you can sit on the terrace and see Noel Coward or Doug Fairbanks, Jr. or, if you sit there long enough, anyone else you ever have known. Well, almost anyone. But it is not a terrace remarkable either for its own beauty or for its view. It overlooks an ugly main street full of honking taxis and chattering natives. The hotel is even more disillusioning than the terrace. It is built of depressing gray stone and it looks more like a postoffice than a hotel. They boast that Teddy Roosevelt stayed there in 1910. Teddy would be familiar with the accommodations if he came back today. Most of the rooms are without private bath and you've got to be practically a general to get a room with a telephone in it.

One reason the British love Shepherd's probably is because of the long tradition associated with it. Shepherd's, too, makes a point of remembering its guests. They may have neglected to tell that colonel about his telephone calls while he stayed there. But they'll keep his surplus kit in storage waiting for him to return even when it's more than likely that he has gone on to a place where he never again will need a kit of any kind. The storage room at Shepherd's is full of such stuff. The garden, restaurant and bar are nice in the warm weather but no nicer than the Continental Savoy roof. Both are handicapped by the country's drinking laws which forbid serving spirits in public except from 12:30 to 2:30

and 6 to 10:30. One of the peculiarities of the Cairo law is that, although it forces liquor to go off at 10:30, it allows dancing to go on until midnight.

And most people, strangely enough, do stay on until the dancing stops — apparently having gained enough liquid momentum in the early part of the evening to see them through the remaining hour and a half dry spell. Partly because of these rigid drinking laws, someone is always giving a party. Some people keep houseboats merely for parties.

IV

Everyday life in Cairo is made more comfortable by a plenitude of cheap servants — at least their wages are cheap if you can prevent them from augmenting them by grand larceny of varying kinds. I had two fulltime servants who cost me a total of twelve pounds monthly, including their keep. But my grocery bill for one person with only a minimum of entertaining always ran at least thirty pounds a month. I never was able to learn just what percentage of that went into the pockets of Mohammed and Abdul but since all servants do it, it's useless to protest. The servant class is drawn from the great mass of poor who are sustained in their unenviable lot by cupidity, by religion and by dope. Hashish, smoked in a pipe, is a favorite release for many of the underprivileged. See them ambling down the street afterward and you think

they are drunk. The effect is somewhat similar except that you can smell nothing on their breath. Russell Pasha, the white-haired, red-fezzed British commissioner of police stops a lot of dope from getting into the country. But the dope runners are very ingenious.

Everyday life in Cairo is composed of many things — of lunching at the Parisiana, perhaps the world's wackiest restaurant, and watching a succession of characters who might have been conceived by Saroyan parade by for your amusement: fire eaters, galli men who mysteriously pull baby chicks and garter snakes out of your empty pockets, sidewalk photographers, street hawkers of useless nicknacks, vendors of feelthy postcards which turn out to be not so feelthy once you open them up.

Everyday life consists at least partly of watching girl-crazy young guys in khaki stalking boy-crazy girls in khaki in the midst of busy thoroughfares; of kidding with kinky-headed little newbies who've learned cuss words from the soldiers and will run up to you with an impish grin to shout, "Hello, Yankee hyphenated word"; of cursing taxidivers who are so stupid you have to guide them to a given address like a horse by shouting the Arabic words for right, left and straight ahead at them as you go along; of laughing at gawky statues whose heroic hands always seem too large for the rest of the body; of batting at persistent flies; of gazing from your balcony at great-sailed falouqas drift-

ing smoothly down the Nile; of bargaining with a native in the Moosky who always asks twice what he expects to get for his wares made in the little open stall where he now is selling them; of remembering to give the elevator boy his customary backsheesh so that he will not look dumb and tell people you don't live there when they ask your apartment number; of riding in a gharry under the stars; of watching the flying boat come in from India and settle gracefully on the Nile.

Everyday life does not include driving up to the Citadel, the highest point in town, just to stand on its ramparts and see what Cairo looks like. Anyone who has lived there long enough knows that from above it presents an uninspiring mixture of a few tall modern buildings and many short ones, interspersed with scores of mosques, with old Cairo, the Moosky, sitting placidly just off center, and the Nile intersecting the whole. From the Citadel you can see with your naked eye where the green ends a few miles either side of the Nile and the yellow desert begins. A thin green line, that's Egypt.

You can see the Pyramids from the Citadel, too. They're only five miles

away and if you don't want to take a taxi you can take a streetcar to them. You'll find on getting there that that romantic postcard picture you've always seen which makes them look secluded in a sea of sand was not taken from the paved street along which the streetcar runs, but from the other side which really is desert. But you won't go out to the Pyramids, for sightseeing is not a part of everyday life in Cairo. Either you got them out of the way when you first arrived, or else you are one of those individuals who likes to brag, "I've been here three years and haven't seen them yet."

Adventure still is a part of everyday life, though, at least for a correspondent, even now that the war has moved far from Cairo. Perhaps there are no more Venal Veras. But there are interesting visitors just the same. You would not recognize them if you saw them in the street. But just when you are beginning to decry the boredom, you get a telephone call and you are given guarded instructions and you go off to a melodramatic meeting with the latest group of guerilla leaders to arrive from Yugoslavia or Greece for a conference with their exiled governments.



*F*OR beasts of the field and for fowls of the air Zeus has ordained one law, that they prey upon one another; but for men hath he ordained justice, which is by far the best.

— HESIOD

THE STATE OF THE UNION

A Letter to American Liberals

BY EUGENE LYONS

LADIES and gentlemen of the liberal persuasions:

If there is a grain of merit in your liberal professions you can hardly join those who scoff at words like freedom, justice, equality, fairness, human integrity. You know what cynics do not: that victories will turn to ashes in our hands and gall on our tongues if these eternal values are mangled in the process of winning.

I dare, therefore, address you on the plane of principles, rather than the plane of amateur statesmanship now the vogue. There are in every country experts in digging up historical justifications for injustice and cute legalisms to cover up submission to naked force. Let's leave that sort of thing to the experts.

Do you recall the time when the fate of Sudetenland was in the balance? Or Danzig? You liberals were not especially concerned with the historical and ethnological claims in the matter. You knew only that you did not wish a few million more human beings swallowed up by the hell of Hitlerism.

When Germany and Austria were still democracies, you may remember,

you saw the justice of a tariff union or even *Anschluss* between them. But when the Nazis took over, you opposed any such union. The legalities were no different, the economic facts were no different, but now you were anxious to spare the Austrian people the ordeal of totalitarian oppression.

But curiously, you cease to think or to feel in these fundamental human terms when Russia and Russian policies are under consideration. You have recourse to every manner of forensic sophistry. You suddenly blossom out as ethnologists, historians, international lawyers. Most amazing of all, you suddenly become mystically enamored of power as such; in the fumbblings and uncertainties of the democracies you discover a perverse excuse for the "dynamics" of a dictatorship. There are those who believe that the confusion of France somehow justifies the streamlined horror of Hitlerism — but they do not call themselves "liberals."

I don't want to be tiresome about it, but Russia does happen to be in the very center of human affairs. It is focal in our thinking. For a great many years that country has been the touch-

stone of the sincerity of your liberal views. I mean that if you showed yourself willing to countenance and even applaud in Russia the very same crimes you denounced elsewhere, you revealed yourself as just a totalitarian of another stripe who used liberal lingo by way of camouflage. I mean that if you denounced the "imperialist" war before Russia was in it and approved it thereafter, you showed yourself up as the dupe of a foreign dictatorship, whatever your liberal rationalization.

Russia is still the test.

* * *

Perhaps a hundred million human beings in Eastern Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, nurture the hope that liberation from the Nazi yoke will give them a chance to obtain some measure of democratic freedom. They are Poles, Letts, Finns, White Russians, Balkan Slavs, Ukrainians, Lithuanians. They have no more desire for subjection to the Russian variant of the totalitarian police-state than the Austrians or Czechs or Sudeten Germans had for the German variant.

Among them no doubt there are some who hanker for the Soviet brand of tyranny, just as there were some in Austria who yearned for Nazi chains. But the great mass of these peoples want the right to determine their own political future within some framework that makes freedom at least a possibility. Especially those among them who did not approve or support their own pre-war government want that chance for freedom and reform as

reward for suffering and sacrifice — a chance which would be stamped out under domination of a dictatorship of any political color.

One would suppose that you liberals would understand and sympathize with these millions. Even if their hope is romantic in its optimism, even if their chance of escaping Soviet domination is slight, you might be expected to give them the benefit of your moral support. But instead you seem more eager than all the rest to push those hundred million human beings into the Soviet stockade.

Oh, I know you have wonderful arguments based on history as far back as the Middle Ages, based on ethnology and military science. You can prove that Marshal Stalin "needs" and "deserves" additional territory and additional subjects. (Hitler's apologists, too, had plenty of impressive historical, ethnological and security arguments.) You explain that Russia "will take it anyhow" as if *that* makes any difference on the moral level where you are presumably at home. You even detect a wave of the future, a new European order under benevolent GPU auspices. (Hitler's apologists, too, were sure of their particular wave of the future, sure that irresistible energy is its own justification.)

The one fact you ignore is that millions of people who might attempt to build a democratic life, who need your support in that difficult undertaking, are in danger of being swallowed up by a dictatorship. . . .

Those of you who think that the

Soviet superstate is "democratic" — no, "the most democratic in the world," — at least have the excuse of ignorance and self-delusion. But what of the rest of you, who are uncomfortably aware of the real nature of the Soviet régime? How can you bring yourselves, with sophistries about expediency, to connive in shoving more and yet more unwilling hordes of Europeans into this Russia?

The other day I talked to a liberal who has no illusions about the character of the Soviet dictatorship, but has managed to maneuver himself mentally into supporting the Kremlin's plans for extending its control to neighboring territories. I asked him a question:

"You say that Russia under the Soviets is an absolute and brutal dictatorship. Let's suppose that some people in Moscow or Kiev want to escape from the country. Would you help them if you could?"

"Of course I would," he said promptly.

"Well, it happens that there are millions of Poles, Lithuanians, Letts and Estonians who want to escape. Why, instead of helping them stay out, do you help force them in?"

He had no answer. There *is* no answer except in the language of cold steel and raw force. From what the Soviet régime has done to its own people, from what it did in the brief period when it took over certain areas by agreement with Hitler, you know exactly what the hundred millions can expect. Russia is the only country in

the world where, even in peace-time, an attempt to leave without permission is punishable by death. The simple fact that the new Soviet subjects will thus be trapped, hopelessly and perhaps forever, should end all doubt for an honest liberal.

But you are aware that this will be only the beginning. On the basis of official Russian policies in the recent past you know as a certainty that terror will be unleashed against millions who cannot or will not adjust themselves to the alien ways of an alien dictatorship.

Whatever possibility there may be for democracy in these territories will be snuffed out for good, at least until all of Russia is free. Your kind of people in particular — socialists, passionate democrats, champions of civil rights, opponents of the monolithic state — will be exterminated.

Insofar as you add your approval, insofar as you fail to speak up against the extension of the sphere of totalitarianism — no matter how neat and learned your reasons — you are taking the blood and the sufferings of the victims on your private conscience.

* * *

You keep repeating the propagandist inanities about Russia needing "democratic" and "progressive" neighbors in Europe. Do you mean governments as democratic as Stalin's one-party police-state? Do you mean, perhaps, a government in Poland headed by men like Ehrlich and Alter, the Polish-Jewish socialists whom the GPU shot not long ago? Do you mean

governments headed by the kind of men and women — democrats, socialists, disillusioned communists, old-fashioned liberals — who fill the Soviet “isolators” by the tens of thousands?

You leave it to Stalin, of all people, to decide who and what is democratic! Can anything be more grotesque?

How will that work out in Germany, for instance? Would you say on the basis of the Free German Committee which Stalin has set up in Moscow — a committee loaded with ex-Nazi leaders, Junker militarists and anti-democratic communists — that Stalin’s definition of a “democratic” and “progressive” régime for Germany matches your own? There is no secret about the character of this committee. A pro-communist recently provided the key to it when he wrote — not, mind you, in condemnation but in fervid approval —

The novelist Willi Bredel since 1939 has lived in Moscow. As a member of the [Free German] National Committee he has the strange experience of working alongside a former Nazi storm trooper leader, the man who had commanded the concentration camp in which Bredel was tortured.¹

You leave it to Stalin, who kills off the Ehrlichs and Alters, and fashions quislings out of Nazi storm trooper leaders, to promote a “democratic” future for Eastern and Central Europe! Yet you know that whatever hope there is for a democratic nucleus in Germany rests on the remnants of the social democrats and the Center

Party. Both these groups happen to be anathema to the Kremlin. Stalin would prefer a storm trooper government in neighboring countries to a government of social democrats any day; those who do not grasp this elementary truth are disqualified to talk about Russia — they are living in a never-never land of their own making.

And let me pose another conundrum in the light of your liberal conscience. You say over and over again that Stalin, for security’s sake, must have next-door to him, in Poland for instance, governments that are “friendly” and “acceptable” to him. But what if Poland were to insist, by the same logic, that it too wants “friendly” and “acceptable” next-door neighbors? What if spokesmen for the Polish people pointed out that an undemocratic and totalitarian neighbor to the east, led by the very officials who partitioned Poland with Hitler, imperilled their security?

It’s all well enough for “reactionaries” and power politicians and “appeasers” to laugh at such a question. But I count on you as principled liberals to acknowledge that the yearning for security is no more ridiculous in a small nation than in a large one. You do not, surely, decide such issues by counting respective bayonets and air forces.

If you insist that Russia must have a voice in the kind of government set up in Poland you must, in all conscience, insist on giving Poland an equivalent voice in Russia.

* * *

¹ Alfred Kantarowicz in *Free World*, February, 1943.

Another thing: Suppose Hitler, at the height of his success, had announced that the separate provinces of his Reich — Prussia, Bavaria, Schleswig and the rest — would be given “autonomy” in foreign affairs. Suppose he extended this autonomy generously also to the provinces of Denmark and Norway even before he had conquered them. Suppose his puppet Reichstag, obediently, in one four-hour session, revised the constitution along these lines.

You certainly would have no trouble seeing through the stratagem. Realizing that autonomy in foreign or any other affairs is simply unthinkable in a centralized one-party super-state, you would suspect trickery. Denmark and other neighbors would be saying in alarm, “Grandma, what big autonomies you have,” and if grandma were as honest as the wolf in the fairy tale, she would say, “The better to eat you with, my dear.”

Yet when another dictatorship goes through precisely that sort of comedy, you accept it in all seriousness. You proceed to read into it proofs of dawning democracy. You draw solemn parallels with the British Commonwealth. Only those who understand the completeness of Russian centralization, the trembling subservience of every regional official to the Kremlin’s slightest wish, the magnitude of the power of the centralized police and spy system, can savor the obscene joke about “autonomy” to the full.

Even as intelligent a commentator as Dorothy Thompson fell for this

piece of totalitarian sleight-of-mind. She wrote solemnly about “the new Soviet Commonwealth.” The chief difference Miss Thompson noted between the British and the new Soviet Commonwealths is that “the content of the one is capitalist, and of the other socialist.” Thus she slurred over the real difference, which is that the content of one is *democratic* and of the other *totalitarian*.

If the Soviet content were to become capitalist without changing its political form, there would still be not the remotest similarity between the British and the Soviet Commonwealths, because one is a reality, the other a piece of political chicanery. But that doesn’t seem to bother amateur statesmen intent on squaring their conscience with acceptance of a temporarily fashionable dictatorship.

* * *

You liberals consider it not only respectable but high-minded to demand freedom for the people of India, Germany, Britain, America — but anyone who suggests some measure of it for Russia, or seeks to conserve some measure of it for countries adjoining Russia, offends your sensibilities. He is, in the elegant phrase of Bruce Bliven, editor of the *New Republic*, one of the “hang-back boys.”

The phrase was minted by Mr. Bliven in the white heat of his righteous wrath in a recent issue of his magazine. In an incredibly shallow, mixed-up and reactionary tirade against those who retain remnants of their critical senses in relation to Russia or

Roosevelt, he develops this amazing thesis: There are "two great centers of dynamic energy in the world today," the Roosevelt Administration and Russia, and those who "deliberately cut themselves off" from these central reservoirs of grace are "spiritual saboteurs" and "hang-back boys."

There we have the familiar wave-of-the-future delusion in its "liberal" version. Mr. Bliven accepts dynamic force as a substitute for reason, for justice, for pity, for tolerance. Might is right! History is going places and, by God, he's going along; he's not hanging back to ask whither and why. If the freedom of a hundred million East Europeans or the principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter or the Constitutional functions of Congress or the ideals for which American boys are staking their lives are in the path of the tidal wave out of the Kremlin, only spiritual saboteurs will deign to notice and to ask embarrassing questions.

The Hitlerite wave of the future had the virtue of simplicity. That of the totalitarian liberals calls for mental acrobatics, since it is a dual wave, flowing out of the Kremlin and out of the White House. How does Mr. Bliven appraise the "spiritual sabotage" of the half-damned, who ride the Washington stream but not the one out of Moscow, or *vice versa*? After all, other Americans do not find it quite so easy to remain attached simultaneously to the candid totalitarian dynamics over there and the presumably democratic dynamics over

here. Does the editor of the *New Republic* insist, along with Colonel McCormick and Mrs. Dilling, that Russia and Roosevelt are somehow blended in a single stream?

The fact that the problem of where one ends and the other begins does not even arise in Mr. Bliven's mind is the key to the mischievous business that poses patronizingly as official liberalism and simon-pure patriotism. I am not prepared to say that he has consciously adopted the new Roosevelt-and-Russia party line being so vigorously pushed by the Browder boys. But perusal of any issue of the *Daily Worker* will yield sufficient proof that such is the current party line. Whatever Roosevelt or Russia does is the unfoldment of preordained history, hence exempt from the critical scrutiny or the moral tests applied to all other peoples and governments.

Incidentally, Mr. Bliven in his article pulls off an intellectual parlor trick that is typical of liberal confusion in his corner of the totalitarian circus. He identifies the twin sources of his uncritical faith as "Russia" and "the Roosevelt Administration" — that is to say, a *country* in one case, a *government* in the other. Logically he should have made it "Russia and the United States" or "the Roosevelt Administration and the Stalin régime." The tricky logical elision is not accidental. It was made necessary by the way in which he attacks people who denounce Soviet terror or the Kremlin's imperialist ambitions as "I-hate-Russia boys." By analogy, anyone who dis-

approves of the Roosevelt Administration policies should be called "I-hate-the-United-States boys," and that would have been too raw even for clients of the *New Republic*. Therefore he was obliged to make his two dynamic powerhouses a country in one instance but a government in the other.

In their heart of hearts even the Blivens must know that people who abhor the present dictatorship over the Russian masses are no more "anti-Russian" than those who abhorred the Romanoff tyranny were "anti-Russian." On the contrary, they are in the deepest sense *pro-Russian* at a time when that is highly unfashionable. I, for one, turned increasingly against the Soviet police-state as I came to love and admire its victims, the Russian people, and I know that this was not an exceptional but a universal experience. Despite the silly "anti-Russian" smear of the totalitarian liberals, opponents of the Soviet régime have joined in gratitude and admiration for the heroism of Russian resistance to the invaders and have consistently supported all-out military aid to the Soviet armed forces.

Incidentally, would the Blivened "liberals" call the opponents of Italian Fascism and Mussolini "I-hate-Italy boys"; or those who agitate against the American *status quo* "I-hate-America boys"?

The few who still dare to bring to bear what William Henry Chamberlin has summed up as "mellow scepticism and tolerance, and pity and a sense of cosmic tragedy" to their appraisal of

events are "hang-back boys" and "sideline sitters." Such is the know-nothing and ask-nothing hysteria that calls itself liberalism!

* * *

As liberals, most of you will agree, I take it, that a system of ethics which excepts one's own sins or the peccadilloes of a favorite uncle is hypocritical and unworthy. But you find it difficult if not impossible to carry over this principled attitude into the area of your political opinions and activities. Having identified yourself emotionally with Stalinism, it has become your favorite uncle, whose peccadilloes you measure with other yardsticks than those applied to British Tories, Polish reactionaries or German fascists.

How is one to avoid the conclusion that some of you, at least those who are not simply Blivened muddleheads, are at bottom indifferent to the principles you pretend to champion? That "anything goes" where your emotional comfort and your favorite wave of the future are concerned?

There are still great numbers of genuine American liberals, eager to safeguard freedom against *all* its deadly enemies. But the totalitarians have captured and distorted words like "liberal" and "progressive" and "democratic," using them cynically or stupidly to cover up oppression and blood purges, superstates and mental black-outs. The honest ones among you have need to clear your minds and to search your consciences.



To Mothers—a bouquet with a reminder tied to it

LOTS of people have asked . . .
“Is the war affecting the health of
America’s young children?”

Here’s one answer:

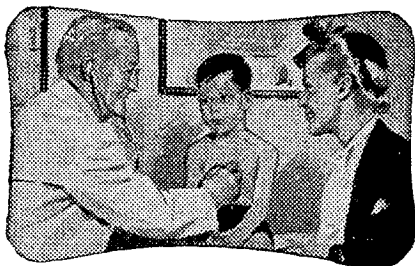
Fatalities from childhood diseases

*are at an all-time low . . . Infant
mortality is at an all-time low.*

For this achievement, the mothers of
our youngest generation deserve a great
big bouquet. They have realized that

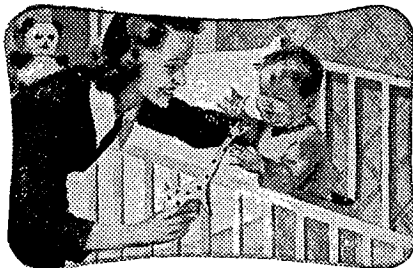
the most valuable wartime service they could render is to safeguard the health and welfare of their little children.

Along with this compliment, we'd like to add these few reminders . . .



Give children this protection

Some of the dreaded childhood diseases can be prevented. Early in infancy—usually between 6 and 9 months—your doctor will advise protection against *diphtheria* and *smallpox*, and probably whooping cough. Remember, also, that all young children should have medical check-ups at regular intervals.



The daily routine

Regular, undisturbed sleep is very important. Children *grow* in their sleep. Most children between the ages of 2

and 6 need additional rest—usually an afternoon nap.

There should be regular hours for play, preferably out of doors, and some of it with other children. Provide well-balanced meals at regular hours.

Make the home safe for little children by keeping such things as sharp instruments and matches out of their reach, and by protecting them against falls, suffocation, and other hazards. Even when mother must be away, it is very important for the child that the daily routine and safety program be maintained.



Free Booklets!

Metropolitan has prepared two valuable booklets for mothers. No. 54L, "*Your Baby*," deals with the child's first year. No. 54LA, "*Out of Babyhood Into Childhood*," covers the pre-school years. Send for either or both.

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► *Labor and Conservatives are
priming Prime Ministers.*

WHO WILL SUCCEED CHURCHILL?

BY JOHN DUGDALE, M.P.

WINSTON CHURCHILL's National Government will not rule Britain forever. Recent by-elections have shown increasing unrest and dissatisfaction with it. There is a political truce today among the three great Parties, and none of them is contesting elections. In spite of this, new groups and even individuals with no group whatever behind them have challenged the official Conservative candidate at elections and either run him very close indeed, or actually defeated him. All the challengers come from the Left, and while they support Churchill's conduct of the war they do not believe there is any hope of getting a radical measure of reconstruction out of a Churchill-led Government.

Where does the Labor Party come in in all this? We must go back for a moment to the dark days of 1940, the days when German troops poured into Norway and Denmark and the British people woke up for the first time to the threat that faced them. A dramatic debate took place in the British Parliament at that time.

Members were summoned by telephone and telegraph from every part of Britain, and outside it, to defend the Chamberlain Government. They came, not only from their constituencies, but from ships and planes and the trenches of France, where they had been taking their part in defending Britain.

But they didn't vote for Chamberlain. Instead, they trooped silently through the Division Lobby in protest against his incompetence. Chamberlain resigned, and the nation waited while a new leader was chosen. At that moment Labor held the key position. The Conservative Party was split into pro- and anti-Chamberlain groups. Churchill turned to Labor and asked if he could get their support in forming a National Government to defend the country in its hour of crisis. It was a big decision to take. In home politics Churchill had for years been one of its bitterest opponents. Could all of these differences be sunk? Labor agreed to sink them and to serve in a National Government under Churchill. It is serving still, and this

CAPTAIN JOHN DUGDALE, during the past two years, has been Labor M. P. for West Bromwich. He was formerly private secretary to Clement Atlee, Deputy Prime Minister of Great Britain. In 1930 he made an extended lecture tour of the United States, and early this year he toured this country again, lecturing on postwar problems.

alliance has brought Britain from the edge of the precipice to within sight of victory.

But it has not been easy for Labor. Time and again it has had to see its whole policy go by the board and yet remain silent in the interest of unity. Labor has been restive. It is becoming increasingly restive. Many of its members would like to break the political truce immediately. But, at present, the majority believe that it is their duty to remain in the National Government. Suppose, however, that there were a really first-class domestic crisis; suppose Churchill were to die; suppose the German phase of the war were to end suddenly. In that case, there is every chance that Labor would decide immediately to break away from the National Government; or the Conservative Party might itself decide to plunge the country into a General Election.

In any of these events we may be sure of one thing. There will be a straight fight between Labor and Conservatives, with all the little mushroom parties that have made such a brave show during the war and the political truce, taking backseats. When this fight comes, who will be the leaders?

Churchill is sixty-nine and has twice within a year had a serious attack of pneumonia. He is an inveterate cigar smoker and brandy drinker. Few seriously expect him to tackle the new job of reconstructing Britain. It may be safely assumed that the election, when it comes, will not be conducted

by Churchill. There will be two leaders, one for each of the two great political parties, and one of them will emerge as Prime Minister. Who are these men likely to be?

II

The Conservative choice lies among three men — Butler, Anderson and Eden.

R. A. Butler, known to his friends as R.A.B., is the youngest of the three, being only forty-one. Educated at Marlborough and Cambridge, he has been in politics since his late twenties. Like many other Conservative politicians, he comes of a political family, his father being Sir Montague Butler, Governor of the Indian Central Provinces for many years. R.A.B. has already had plenty of experience in office. Since he entered Parliament he has served in the India Office and the Ministry of Labor and the Foreign Office, and he is now President of the Board of Education.

Bright young men are often moved in this fashion from one office to another to give them experience; the outstanding example, of course, being Churchill himself. Unlike Churchill, however, Butler doesn't scintillate. He is no orator, and in all his jobs, till the last one, his motto has been "safety first." Time and again when M.P.'s have tried to drive him into a corner he has smiled amiably and said — just nothing; he has come to be known as "Stone Wall Butler." Today, however, he has reached a point where he

can't stone-wall any longer. As head of British education he has undertaken the responsibility of introducing a bill to raise the school-leaving age of every child in the country from fourteen to sixteen and to carry out other far-reaching reforms. His bill, now before the House of Commons, is the subject of tremendous controversy — not so much political as religious — and Butler will find it almost impossible to play for safety first this time. On his success or failure with this legislation will depend his chances of leadership of the Conservative Party. If he does become leader he will lead it quietly, cautiously, safely — he will never become a popular hero.

Sir John Anderson has risen to the front rank in the House of Commons with meteoric rapidity. All his life he has been a civil servant, and he only entered the House since the war. Like Butler, he is a cautious man. His native Scottish caution has been reinforced by a long career in the civil service, which is guaranteed to subdue the most erratic person. But he proved himself capable of great firmness and quick decision when he was appointed Governor of Bengal during the worst period of rioting. He certainly put down the riots, though his methods called forth violent abuse from many critics in America as well as Britain.

When he first came to the House and took up his place almost immediately on the Front Bench, Anderson wasn't at all popular. His heavy, dull and pompous manner irritated many

Members of all parties. But of late he has become more human, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer he is undoubtedly proving himself a great success. There is one fact strongly against him, however. Unlike Butler, who has been in the Conservative Party since birth, and active in its caucus for many years, Anderson has prided himself on being Independent. Other things being equal, the Conservatives will certainly prefer a leader who has been "one of them" during all his political career.

Anthony Eden, at forty-six, has become a figure known throughout the world — almost as well known as Churchill himself. Besides being Foreign Minister, he is today Leader of the House of Commons, and looks to most people the obvious choice for the leadership of his party after Churchill. He is good-looking, still young for the leadership of a great party, and has the flair that the other two candidates lack. Educated, like most leading Conservatives, at Eton and Oxford, he has been in Parliament almost since he came of age.

Though he has served for a time as Secretary of State for War, nearly the whole of Eden's political life has been in the Foreign Office, and he has had no experience whatever of domestic problems. This weighs heavily against him. Health, labor, social insurance, housing — all these are, or seem to be, closed books to Eden. This may prove a great disadvantage for a leader making a bid for a chance to reconstruct Britain. In spite, too, of his undoubted

popular appeal, many people think he has not the qualities of which great leaders are made.

True, he resigned eventually rather than continue as Foreign Secretary in a government of appeasers. But he was in the government when the fatal decision was made to stand aside while Germany and Italy conquered Spain, and, whatever he felt, he still remained in it. When he did come out, he remained very quiet, side-stepping the opportunity to lead a great anti-Munich crusade.

Eden has given no sign as yet that he has the strength of a Churchill. But, for all that, he seems the most likely to lead the Conservative Party when Churchill goes.

III

There are people who still talk of an "independent" Prime Minister. For a time Sir Stafford Cripps was the favorite for this rôle. But, in my view, there's no hope for anyone outside of the two great political parties. Britain has always been a two-party country, and will probably remain so for a long time. The once powerful Liberal Party is dead as the dodo, with only a handful of Members in the House of Commons; and, in spite of some spectacular victories lately, the Commonwealth Party, led by Sir Richard Acland, will probably fade out after the war. It is the Labor Party which will provide the country with a Prime Minister if the Conservatives do not.

First on the Labor list is Clement

Richard Attlee, present party leader and Deputy Prime Minister. He is probably the least known man who has ever headed a great political party. Shy and excessively modest, he shuns publicity as much as most political leaders court it. Although he leads a working class party, he is himself not a working man. Educated at one of the big Public Schools and later at Oxford, he should have been a Conservative. But Attlee has had another kind of education, which has taught him more than ever he learned at Oxford. He has spent years in the London slums. Here he saw poverty at close quarters and he determined to fight it. First he went in for local politics and became Mayor of an East End borough. Then, just after the last war, he was returned to Parliament as Member for Limehouse — within which is London's Chinatown. Since then, by sheer ability and hard work, he has risen, against all the prophets, to the second highest position in the country. But can a man lead unless he has the flair for leadership, unless he appeals to the public imagination? It's very doubtful, and if he can't, we must count Clement Attlee out of the race.

Brimful of vitality and sharp as a needle, Labor's cockney Herbert Morrison, is well in the running for the premiership. His career reads more like that of an American than an Englishman — at least the old type of English politician that most Americans still think rules England. Educated at an elementary school, which

he left at thirteen to go out and earn his living, Morrison has been, in turn, an errand boy, shop assistant, telephone operator and political secretary. His great claim to fame before the war was the work he did as leader of the London County Council, a position that compares in power if not in name with that of LaGuardia in New York.

In 1934 he was returned at the head of the first Labor majority to capture London's government. Alarmed reactionaries predicted that London would be ruined. Instead, the next five years, till the outbreak of the war, saw its greatest development since Christopher Wren built Saint Paul's Cathedral. Slums were cleared, schools and hospitals rebuilt, and a great Green Belt of parkland laid out all round the town. Herbert Morrison had succeeded beyond anyone's belief, and had proved he was a first-class administrator.

When Churchill formed his Government in 1940 it was natural, therefore, that Morrison should have a place in it. First he was Minister of Supply, but before long he was made Minister of Home Security. In this position, which he has held till now, he has been responsible for all Britain's Air Raid Precautions and without doubt has made an outstanding success of the job. Today he is one of the seven members of Churchill's Cabinet. The errand boy is knocking at the doors of 10 Downing Street.

Last, but by no means least, we come to Ernest Bevin. Here is per-

haps the most dominating personality in British politics outside of Churchill himself. Bevin has had scarcely any experience in the House of Commons. Like Anderson, he was called from outside and given a seat in the Cabinet as soon as he had taken his place in the House. But, while Anderson's experience has been that of a civil servant, Bevin has had a much tougher school.

Leader of the vast Transport and General Workers' Union, with a membership well over the million mark, he has worked his way right up from the bottom, and no one can do that in the trade union movement without acquiring in the process a deep knowledge of dealing with men.

All of Bevin's life has been spent in planning, negotiating and often fighting to improve conditions for the men in his union. He was one of the foremost leaders in the great General Strike of 1926, the nearest thing to a revolution that Britain has had in a century. Today he is responsible for organizing the mobilization of Britain's man and woman power. The men who work in the mines, the women who work on the land, everyone who works in any factory throughout the country, all come under his authority and no one can change his job without Bevin's sanction. It might be thought that he would, consequently, incur more unpopularity than any other Minister, but throughout the country everyone agrees that he has done a truly magnificent piece of work.

Bevin has not been afraid to send people, even his own fellow transport workers to any job, however irksome, that he considered necessary for the war effort. At the same time he has seen that in every case, the men were fully protected. He has even found time to introduce legislation to give the vast army of men and women working in the hotel, restaurant and catering trades their first chance for collective bargaining. Bevin has undoubtedly made a success of his war-time job. Will he become Prime Minister? The answer, to some extent, rests with him. He has stated publicly that he intends to leave politics after the war and return to his union work. Under ordinary conditions, he might do that. But suppose the Labor Party won power, and chose him to lead. Would he really refuse to become Prime Minister of Great

Britain? If he did, he would surely be the first man in history to reject such an offer.

Butler, Anderson, Eden, Attlee, Morrison and Bevin — there are the six probables in the race for the British premiership. No doubt there are others. Five years ago neither Anderson nor Bevin would have been on the list, and the next few years — even months — may see other remarkable changes. England is moving leftwards; that is quite clear. The great Conservative majority in the House of Commons today could disappear in a single night, once the country is allowed to express its feelings on a straight issue. That it will be allowed to do this, that an election will, in fact, take place within a measurable distance of time, is the growing conviction of all thinking men and women in Britain.



PHOBIA

BY MARY POOLE

ONCE more
down halls all blind,
Fear patters in my mind,
child-footed, hesitant . . . to find
no door.

THE THEATRE

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Sherlock Drama

ALTHOUGH it has advanced in many other directions, the popular stage seems very definitely to have retrogressed in the matter of mystery and detective divertissements. There hasn't, in point of fact, been a really tasty one in some years now. I am not speaking of the later order of so-called psychological thrillers, of which two specimens in the last dozen years — *Rope's End* and *Angel Street*, both, incidentally, by the same Patrick Hamilton — have been lively enough. What I am speaking of is the plain, out-and-out mystery or detective play without any fancy assistance from Freud, Jung, Stekel and Co.

There have been several of this latter species that have had pretty good basic ideas, but that was about all. The notion in *Trick For Trick* of pitching the skill of one prestidigitator against another in ravelling and unravelling the plot mystery was a savory device. And the scene in which one of them conjured the corpse of the murdered woman in another room to float out upon the stage and thus confound the other, who was the culprit, handily caught the breath. Yet the general writing was too shabby to make the whole acceptable. The same with *Subway Express*, the

entire action of which was laid on a moving subway train and which involved the spectacle of the murdered man, supposedly still alive, seated throughout the evening in one of the cars with wide-open eyes staring at the audience. (To achieve the effect, the eyes were painted on the outside of the actor's eyelids.) And the same to a degree with *Margin For Error*, the theme of which was the possibility that three different persons had committed the murder simultaneously but which finally went to pieces on the uninventive notion of the old switched poisoned drinking glass.

All the other exhibits in the same long span have suffered not only from poor writing and generally poor craftsmanship but from lack of ingenuity and a reliance for the most part upon the familiar stencils. Of them all, only *The Fatal Alibi*, derived from one of the Poirot detective novels, offered the faintest novelty in its story of the murderer being the detective himself. But even it could embroider the fancy with nothing more original than the overworked tell-tale phonograph record and, to boot, with dramaturgy so shaky that interest faded long before the climax.

The bulk of the plays have been

mere carbon-copies and paraphrases of earlier and better cockrobins. The venerable locked room device has been one favorite and, except for a slight variation in *Whispering Wires* wherein the murder was accomplished by a revolver secreted in a telephone and discharged by the electrical connection, has latterly followed the old track of chandeliers rigged to drop on the victim's head, revolving book-cases concealing the killer, and the like. The business of the fixed clock (*Ten Minute Alibi*), the escaped lunatic (*Goodbye In The Night*), and the hooded malefactor (*The Cat Screams*) has been vainly merchanted in the guise of novelty. And thunderstorms, shrieks, clutching hands, doors opening and closing of their own accord, and all the other stale appurtenances have been fallen back upon in lieu of fresh imagination. Or, worse, there have been so-called comedy mysteries, patterned after George M. Cohan's early, excellent *Seven Keys To Baldpate*, which, failing Cohan's dexterity, have had recourse to all the chestnuts and have accordingly succeeded in being neither particularly mysterious nor comical.

II

The wits-addlers of an earlier period were certainly superior. *The Unknown Purple*, one of the best of the lot, was a highly original affair in which the protagonist, a scientist, invented a ray to make himself invisible and *via* the ray sought out and wrought his

revenge on the evil-doer. The moving of objects on the stage by the unseen hand, the sound of the man's voice coming seemingly from nowhere, and the purple light recurring threateningly during the action constituted the stuff of exciting theatre. (The movies have appropriated the idea many times since and, I am told, with much the same impression upon their audiences.) The locked room device in *Arsène Lupin*, the first time it was employed effectively on the local stage, was built up to a genuinely thrilling climax through the presence in the room, apart from Ars, of another character masquerading as a totally different person and hence free from suspicion. And the missing murder weapon has never since been treated with the cunning that Bayard Veiller employed in *The Thirteenth Chair*, wherein throughout two acts and undetected by the audience the fatal knife remained stuck in full view in the ceiling.

Gillette's dramatization of Sherlock Holmes was, of course, a masterpiece and is well recalled, even by persons who never saw it. For the lighted cigar butt that helped Sherlock escape from Moriarty's gas-chamber has become one of the theatre's legends. But there were other artifices that were just as fetching: the picture on the wall that when slightly moved provided Sherlock with a view of anyone entering the house; the mirror that in turn provided him, when his back was turned, with a view of Moriarty's machinations; his rapid,

nervous dash toward the front door upon the sound of the ringing bell and his slow, measured steps when within a few feet of it; his knocking at the stage's non-existent fourth wall with his cane by way of emphasizing its solid presence; etc. And surely not less skilful was the Hopwood-Rinehart *The Bat*, with its tale of the murderer waylaying the Hawkshaw in a garage at the play's beginning and thereafter passing himself off as the masternose who was in quest of him. Here, too, were various original dodges to heighten suspense: the shadow of a bat appearing mysteriously on the walls of the house (it had been covertly painted on an automobile headlight); the swathing of the murderer's person in black until the ultimate surprising revelation of his true identity; and, meanwhile, all the dirty work inexplicably negotiated right under the characters' eyes by the very man, posing as the detective, whom they were looking for.

Another toothful specimen was *The Dummy*, with its sleuth in the person of a deaf-mute boy; and still others, of a somewhat later period, were *The Spider*, with its murderous shot supposedly coming from the theatre's auditorium, and *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, with the lifelike effigy of the murdered man brought shockingly into the court-room and with the sudden tossing of the murder weapon at a suspect on the stand and his self-betrayal in catching it with his left hand. And still another worthy pair, shown in the seasons before, were

A. A. Milne's *The Perfect Crime*, though not nearly so expert as the story of the same name, never dramatized, by Austin Freeman, and Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' Jack-the-Ripper spasm, *The Lodger*.

In subsequent years, though a falling off was perceptible, an occasional exhibit nevertheless hinted that the old art was not entirely dead. *Kind Lady*, dramatized from a Hugh Walpole story, succeeded in creating an atmosphere of evil and mystery that nicely worked its spell. The slow driving insane of the woman held prisoner by the gang of scalawags and her last-minute turning of the tables exercised much of the power of the Grand Guignol at its most devilish. And *Payment Deferred* similarly hypnotized an audience with the spectacle of its murderer's gradual self-betrayal. But for the greater part the other plays began clearly to indicate the decline that lately has hit the low-water mark.

III

What this later period has brought has been mainly either the British species of murder play involving perversion and degeneracy or the American involving an altogether too obvious and unsuccessful strain for freakish novelty. The British plays, things like *Love From a Stranger* and *Night Must Fall*, have inclined more and more toward the horror angle and have seemed little more than unduly expanded one-act Guignol shockers.

In addition, they have, as noted, offered central characters so remote from normality that they have stacked the cards against themselves from the outset. Some of them have been fairly well written but the thick murk of degeneracy that has hovered over them has made them seem less mystery plays in the locally accepted sense than studies in abnormality. And their reliance for shudders on such devices as the murdered woman's head in a hat-box resting on the mantelpiece have frequently operated less toward the hoped-for shudders than unwelcome snickers. Of them all, *Ladies In Retirement* was perhaps the best, since it concerned itself not with clinical perversion but with the simple, suspenseful story of a woman desirous of getting two burdensome relatives out of the way and with her eventual exposure by a suspicious nephew who happens unexpectedly into the house.

The American specimens, on the other hand, have relied so greatly upon a veneer of novelty, and with nothing underneath, that the great majority have made snoozers of even the staunchest addicts to such pastimes. An exhibit like *Mr. Big*, unable to think up anything better than the poisoned dart projected by striking a certain chord on the piano (shades of the old *Strand* magazine!), has vainly tried to sell itself by spilling part of the action into the auditorium (shades of *The Spider*, *The Gorilla*, *et al.*, to say nothing of such non-mystery plays of forty-odd years ago like *Pretty Peggy!*). Another like *The*

Night of January 16, essentially little more than a pulp magazine version of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, has similarly sought to win trade by culling the members of the jury from the audience and having them nightly pass the verdict upon the heroine accused of the murder. Still another like *Seen But Not Heard* has endeavored to put over an intrinsically outworn murder plot through bringing about its solution by three children of the household. And something like *Dark Tower* has feebly battled the box-office by making the disguised character of the plays of four and five decades ago an actor who makes himself up as another man, commits the murder, and by then removing the makeup escapes detection.

The flashback technique, originally popularized in 1914 by Elmer Rice in his expert crime play, *On Trial*, has been retrieved from oblivion and the moving pictures and been made to pose as something novel in a dozen such failures as *Eight O'Clock Tuesday*. By confining the cast to women, it has been hoped to sell the customers on something like *Nine Girls*, which was otherwise approximately as suspensive in mystery as Louisa M. Alcott. By laying one scene in the Braille room of the Public Library, the author of *Escape This Night* imagined that he might hoodwink an audience with an obvious, wholly commonplace mystery plot. And the producer of such a turkey as *Cuckoos On the Hearth* has vainly looked for audiences who would accept as something wonderful

a silly mystery story acted out twice in order to show the two different points of view of those involved in it.

Just why there should be so little invention and ingenuity in this form of drama is hard to make out, especially since one frequently encounters both in the current mystery and detective novels. Yet for one play like *Uncle Harry*, with its fresh story of a murderer who freely confesses his crime but can find no one to believe him, you will find any number like *I Killed The Count*, *Angel Island* and *The Cat Screams* that are nothing more than rehashes of similar exhibits of twenty and thirty years ago and that hope to be accepted as something vernal by making laboriously and foolishly complex mysteries that are generically simple of solution. The height of the ridiculous in this regard

was the last named play, which introduced a supposedly ferocious mechanical cat that had absolutely nothing to do with the plot by way of augmenting its hypothetically terrifying puzzle.

The most effective mysteries seem paradoxically to have figured not in the mystery plays of the later-day stage but in the non-mystery plays. The air of mystery which permeates *Outward Bound*, for example, and which involves the characters who are not aware that they are dead, surpasses that in any ten recent straight mystery plays that one can name. And the mystery of spiral time in Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before*, for another, is infinitely more provocative than that in any two dozen murder jigsaws like *Timber House*, *Cue For Passion*, or *They Walk Alone*.



PAN

BY RAYMOND J. DULYE

ONE wound I have caressed
 And must not lose,
 Nor let cure be chanced —
 Here on my heart, impressed,
 A cloven bruise
 Where the Goat-God danced!

► *The rise and fall of
a goofy movement.*

"PEACE NOW" RESTS IN PEACE

BY RUSSELL WHELAN AND THOMAS M. JOHNSON

WHEN two cruising Cincinnati cops surprised young John Collett in the act of studying nature from a tree limb overlooking a sorority house shower room last September, they considered that they were merely quieting some girlish squeals and permitting a respectable neighborhood to resume its slumbers. Actually, they were interfering with the work of arousing sentiment for an immediate negotiated peace with Germany and Japan. For this was the ambitious goal of a brash young movement called Peace Now, which had recently been founded by Master Collett in his non-arboreal phase.

Collett, a Norwegian émigré, seems to have been rather less than the ideal messiah to deliver a world from war. His movement in public pronouncements veered repeatedly to the Axis propaganda line and now and then poised a tentative toe above the third rail of sedition. Its leaders conducted themselves with an unerring goofiness that had the FBI snickering into their holsters for weeks.

In part, Peace Now was a four-star demonstration of the deathless genius some people have for making fools of themselves in a body.

And yet this twisted, anemic, quarter-witted, star-gazing, cockeyed little movement had progressed well along the path from petty nuisance to actual menace when it suffered exposure in the press last February. Because a sturdier and smarter pressure group will almost certainly retrieve the torch fumbled by Peace Now, it is well to unveil the unique world where roam the assorted enthusiasts for a negotiated peace—some of them unaware that they pursue the Axis policy, others *too* aware of it.

Peace Now was the dream of John Collett, the young man who sought his bliss in the foliage at Cincinnati. Collett came here from his native Norway in 1940, by way of Russia and Japan, to represent his father's business interests in America during the commercial hiatus due to war. The Dies Committee, in a rather frenzied and belated report, hinted

RUSSELL WHELAN, *author of The Flying Tigers, produces films and radio shows for United China Relief.* THOMAS M. JOHNSON, *veteran foreign correspondent and now military writer for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, was the first to break the Peace Now story nationally. He is the author of Our Secret War, Without Censor and other books.*

heavily at the possibility that Collett had been sent here as a Nazi agent. But not a shred of evidence has been produced to support such a suspicion.

Collett spent a little time in Ossining, New York, where his father's firm had a branch plant producing vitamin products. But soon he turned up in Whittier College, a Quaker institution, where he became enamoured of pacifism. Coming to Washington, he broached the idea of Peace Now to Frederick J. Libby, a veteran lobbyist and propagandist for peace, and head of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Libby at seventy can look back, perhaps with satisfaction, on having accomplished as much as any individual in America to keep down appropriations for our Army and Navy prior to Pearl Harbor. Libby, we think, will be the first to confirm this allegation. High officers of the armed services and members of the Senate and House of Representatives who have at various times felt the lash of his influence will supply a fervent assent.

Libby welcomed young Collett's interest in pacifism, and he introduced him to another veteran disbeliever in war, the Rev. A. J. Muste, chairman of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which boasts a membership of 17,500 persons, including many Protestant clergymen. The Fellowship recently issued a manifesto opposing the bombing of German cities. It has also worked to alleviate the hardships suffered by conscientious

objectors. Undoubtedly most of the Fellowship are convinced that further prosecution of this war will serve more wicked ends than good. Of Dr. Muste's high-minded sincerity there can be no doubt.

It was agreed that Peace Now would need a native American of some prestige and ability at its helm. Professor George Hartmann seemed ideal for the post. An instructor in educational psychology on the staff of Teachers College of Columbia University, "on loan" to Harvard, Hartmann combines a passion for humanity with an enthusiasm for public speaking. At various times he has run for political office on the Socialist ticket. The man was a seasoned campaigner, undoubtedly able and sincere. He would lend an aura of culture to the movement. Hartmann, when informed of his nomination, elected himself immediately.

For executive secretary he enlisted Miss Bessie Simon, a fiery *aficionada* of peace at any price, who had served as secretary of the Washington office of America First. Bessie signed on at \$25 a week and immediately contributed a month's salary to the cause.

A Quaker, Mrs. Dorothy Hutchinson, joined up as treasurer and "associate editor." She contributed \$300 in cash, a booklet, *A Call to Peace Now*, and a "peace catechism" entitled *Must the Killing Go On?* Collett became field secretary, to organize satellite chapters around the country. Peace Now was all set, except for money. Libby came through with

\$300, but this job called for thousands. So they issued a manifesto and an appeal, using various pacifist mailing lists, and enough dollars and dimes rolled in to make and mail a bale of literature. Collett took to the road in August, 1943, on a salary of \$25 a week and expenses. He told his story to his "leads" in several cities and he might have proved himself quite a good organizer if he had not gone to Cincinnati and up that tree.

Collett was fined \$100 in Cincinnati police court for what the lawyers called "voyeurism," and the Dies Committee with skittish piety described as an "offense too disgusting to relate." But the police labelled it simply "a peeping Tom" case. Peace Now attributed the lapse from grace to a nervous breakdown, paid the fine on Collett's telegraphic request, and recalled him to New York. With evident regret they cancelled him out as field secretary but allowed him to stay on as a worker in the vineyard. He stayed.

II

The Cincinnati idyll proved a blow, but the little band carried on. Every dollar that came in was converted into postage stamps and into literature which, among other things, asked:

Do You Want: An immediate Armistice and Peace Conference rather than a military "victory," "unconditional surrender," and a dictated peace which will lead to new wars?

Dorothy Hutchinson's booklets

pointed out that Germany "was long the cultural center of Europe" and that "Japan had an enviable record of non-aggression until the western powers taught her their aggressive commercial and military methods." She attributed the Second World War to the arrogant domination of markets and raw material sources by Great Britain and the United States, which had forced Germany and Japan to fight for their very lives. (The massacres of Nanking, Lidice, Warsaw and Kiev, and the March of Death on Bataan were apparently only excusable expressions of virtuous indignation.) More from Mrs. Hutchinson:

We cannot trust our own Nation and her allies to dictate a just peace if they come to the peace table as victors.

* * *

Even a nominal victory would be not only unnecessary but positively detrimental.

In its statements of policy calling for immediate negotiations looking to an immediate peace, Peace Now said the German people must have the right to name their representatives at such a conference. If the Germans chose Hitler, Goering and Ribbentrop, that would be perfectly all right with Peace Now. A harsh critic might discern a trace of myopia in people who could envision Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin elbow to elbow with Hitler at a new Versailles. Not a little myopic, too, was the confidence in a postwar Germany doing business under the same old Nazi gang. Such considerations never bothered Peace

Now. They would accept the help, moral or financial, of anyone who agreed with them, including not only sincere pacifists and isolationists, but pro-facists.

Well, they went on like this, and then they appeared last August before the Peace Strategy Board in Philadelphia to ask for the Board's *imprimatur* on their activities. Prominent on the Board are Messrs. Libby and Muste, and in addition, the heads of the War Resisters League, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and the Society of Friends (the Quakers). Surveying the scene, the Board sensibly expressed the fear that "persons and organizations with ulterior motives will take advantage of this policy and this in turn may lead to the whole movement for bringing the war to an end through peace by consultation being discredited." It therefore announced that it had no connection "with the Peace Now Movement or with Mr. Collett's present activities."

Mrs. Hutchinson handed in her resignation after this, but Libby continued to supply the benefit of his rich experience to the cause. Those who openly rejected Peace Now may have felt an honest revulsion at the thought of a pacifist organization welcoming the aid and comfort of Christian Frontiers, Bundists, Coughlinites and saboteurs. They may also have reminded themselves that the pacifist business was dancing on quicksand anyway and that the Administration at Washington might crack down on

the whole lot of them at any moment. They deserve — and in this record at least will receive — the benefit of every doubt.

Peace Now lurched along without the blessings of the Pacifist High Command. Collett wrote to the Spanish ambassador at Washington, "stating reasons for a cessation of hostilities" and expressing the hope that the Franco government might "see its way . . . to offer its good offices for facilitating negotiations between the warring nations." The effrontery of this document from our little ambler in the eerie realm of *realpolitik* was transcended by an open letter which Peace Now addressed to the President of the United States, and of course to its growing mailing list of pacifists, ex-America Firsters, ex-Bundists, *et al.* The letter said, in part:

Dear Mr. Roosevelt: Believing that you have not made proper efforts to find common ground with the peoples of the enemy countries in order to bring about the cessation of hostilities, I wish to put myself on record as being opposed to an Allied invasion of the continent of Europe — at least until such a public attempt to reach a reasonable basis of agreement is made.

Reports have repeatedly reached this country that Germany is willing to negotiate a decent and honorable peace; but to the best of my belief and knowledge your administration has not made the slightest gesture to meet such proposals half way or stated precisely what is unacceptable about them.

It is my belief that a peace offensive should be made before the order to attack is given. It is wrong to continue the slaughter of thousands of young Ameri-

cans until we have made an honest attempt to adjust grievances and come to terms with all our adversaries.

UNLESS SUCH AN OFFER OF A DEMOCRATIC PEACE CONFERENCE IS MADE, I WITHHOLD MY SANCTION AND SUPPORT OF ANY ALLIED INVASION OF EUROPE INVOLVING THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Professor Hartmann, the chairman, brought himself and the movement their first sizeable newspaper space by his address to an organization mass meeting (of 300) in Carnegie Hall on December 30, 1943. The faithful applauded wildly when he said:

We hold that the Germans and the Japanese are no better, but also no worse, than the British and Americans. . . . As an American I apologize to the entire world for the harm done by our mistaken foreign policy. . . . We can have either peace without victory or victory without peace. . . . What are we waiting for? . . . Must more babies be blown to bits? More historic shrines like Heidelberg and Florence turned to ashes? More dead washed up along a distant shore? . . . *We are here to create doubt in the minds of those who would keep on fighting.*

Thousands of mimeographed broadsides telling Peace Now's story were mailed from the group's offices at 15 East 40th Street, New York, and the press was supplying a generous amount of free advertising. But Peace Now was failing to attract big names to its roster and anything but peanuts to its till. So Bessie Simon went to Washington and made the old familiar rounds of the oases of isolationism. She reported happy reunions with Senators Nye and Wheeler and Rep-

resentatives Fish, Hoffman, Jeanette Rankin, Tolan and Mundt. Although none of them felt like demanding a negotiated peace on the floor of Congress just then, Bessie was sufficiently encouraged to invite Charles A. Lindbergh and General Robert E. Wood to climb aboard the movement. They did not reply.

She became an aggressive and prolific letter writer, which seems to have been a mistake, because about this time a mysterious blonde agent for a New York tabloid insinuated herself as clerk into the Peace Now offices and started to photostat everything in sight.

III

Federal agents had been keeping a discreet watch on the group and its leaders, well aware that their public statements were giving some comfort to the enemies of the United States, but also conscious that sedition is a difficult thing to prove in open court. The government had no desire to dignify the movement by entering public charges. Nevertheless, it recognized that Peace Now was a potential menace because its preachments appealed to a wide variety of hare-brains and deluded idealists; and because it offered a convenient cover to the Christian Fronters, the Silver Shirts and similar ilk who had been driven underground by Federal indictments of their leaders.

Investigators had noted among the more dangerous adherents of Peace

Now some pretty interesting characters, among them: an associate of Joe McWilliams, the indicted Christian Mobilizer; an American fascist who boasts that he helped supply a White Russian "legion" to the Japanese army; a former co-worker of Frederick Auhagen, the interned Nazi agent; a professional woman pacifist and anti-Semite prominent in so-called "Mothers" groups; a member of a *Hindu-Negro group suspected of organized espionage for Japan; and a woman who had lived in Japan and now performs as an apologist for Jap atrocities.

The advent of such strange elements occurred at a time when many sincere pacifists considered an aggressive drive for peace to be long overdue. Peace Now was the one going concern in the field with a militant policy. Things looked rosy. Its leaders began to boast of big subscriptions on the way, of important chapters organizing in Detroit, Chicago and on the West Coast, when, late in January, the brass bands of the press opened up and ruined the party.

Prominent among the revelations were those of the New York tabloid, which used full page spreads based on the letters its blonde agent had allegedly filched from the Peace Now files. Rival papers and the news and feature syndicates swelled the hullabaloo. Reporters and photographers crowded the Peace Now offices, questioning and "shooting" practically everyone who came along. And, not strangely, quite a few came along, to greet Miss Simon, to confess their un-

dying faith and to pay cash on the line for the privilege of membership in such a well-publicized cause. Any psychiatrist worthy of the title would have kicked the ceiling in glee on beholding the parade of these novitiates. They were, with few exceptions, dandies. One large lady in purple entered dramatically, gave the Nazi salute and screamed "Peace Now! America First!"

The walls and windows fairly rattled under the fusillade of loose screws. There were cheers and encores when the papers reported the Dies Committee blast, which asserted that Peace Now's program "involved a plan for mass treason that was truly colossal in its conception." This was the accolade. To be noticed by a Congressional Committee was a joy in itself. But to achieve the glory of grandiloquent condemnation lifted the spirits of the group to seventh heaven. Miss Bessie Simon was all ready with the official rebuttal, which stated:

If being loyal to the Christ is being disloyal to the Administration, then it is high time that Administration was changed. Who is to say what is treason to the highest good of humanity, those with selfish personal ambitions or those with highest humanitarian motives? Those in the Peace Now movement are completely loyal to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. . . ."

Japan's Radio Tokyo saluted Peace Now, saying that it was "no freak organization" and "the fact that the Government is called upon to suppress the movement suggests it is making steady progress." The Govern-

ment, of course, had done no such thing.

The landlord at 15 East 40th Street put an abrupt end to this feast of unreason. He cancelled the lease "for cause" and Peace Now moved out. The hounds of the press ran down its new burrow on West 121st Street, where the movement fulfilled its reputation for inspired goofiness by arranging the weirdest newspaper interview in the annals of metropolitan journalism. The interviewer was our reformed forester, John Collett. But John denied himself to the gaze and tongues of the journalists, Miss Simon serving as the shuttling intermediary. After a great opening and slamming of doors lasting forty-eight minutes, the press departed with nothing livelier than John's protestations of loyalty to the United States and his insistence that he could not be deported, as the Dies Committee had recommended. (John seems to have had something there. You can't get an erring Norwegian back to Norway in these times without chartering a bomber, a submarine, or a convoy.)

Dr. Hartmann returned to the headlines a few days later as a result of his appearance before the seventh annual United Pacifist Conference meeting in Labor Temple in New York. He assured the assembled throng that he "would make a pact with the devil to stop this war." He and his movement were repudiated from the floor by the chairman of the meeting, none other than the Rev. A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Frustration also attended Bessie Simon's effort to bring to justice the mysterious blonde who had stolen the papers. The blonde had decamped to Philadelphia. The summons could not be served on her. After a slight interval given over to fuming, Miss Simon withdrew the complaint.

After this, the press regretfully turned back to the war news, John Collett was left with his dreams of his native fjords, and Dr. Hartmann retired to the tolerant shades of Harvard. There Bessie Simon joined him the other day, and from their new business address in Cambridge this incomparable duo, late in March, issued another open letter to Franklin D. Roosevelt, calling upon him to fly immediately to Rome and after consulting the Pope, tell the world from Radio Vatican just how cozy a world peace could be arranged without further nonsense.

If actually Peace Now seems to be up a tree for the duration, the highways and byways of America still hold plenty of people with a hot desire to stop this war far short of victory for the United Nations. In some, this desire is the fruit of benevolence, in others, of weird psycho-pathological twists; but in many it springs straight from the roots of evil. Blind hatreds — for Jews, Negroes, the Administration, the British — blend in a devil's broth with the poisons of sabotage and treason. The canaries and the vultures, the lambs and the hyenas, are waiting for the Main Chance. If they get it, look out for trouble.

► *Personalities and factions
clash on judicial heights.*

THE ROOSEVELT SUPREME COURT

BY MERLO J. PUSEY

THE Supreme Court itself has blown the lid off the assiduously-cultivated belief that all is harmony in its stately chambers. Since the first of the year it has handed down a series of decisions revealing sharp animosities and basic differences as to what the law is and how the court should function. The honeymoon period of the Roosevelt court has given way to a sort of free-for-all battle of judicial intellects.

Justice Hugo L. Black set the pace by administering two verbal floggings to Justice Felix Frankfurter in a single day. In one he was joined by Justice Frank Murphy. Frankfurter had lapsed into his professorial tone and lectured the court in his dissents. So his "brothers" came back with pointed personal rebukes labeled "concurring opinions." Black's most stinging barb accused the Boston jurist of indulging in the "dangerous business" of substituting morals and ethics for law.

Justice Owen J. Roberts chimed in with a crack at the Black-Douglas-Murphy trio for announcing publicly a change of heart on the flag-salute

issue when it was not before the court. Then Frankfurter lashed out against "the evils of giving opinions not called for." It remained, however, for Justice Robert H. Jackson to hurl the charge that cut to the quick — because it is precisely the charge that President Roosevelt made against the old court. With stout support from Roberts, Stanley Reed and Frankfurter, he indicted the majority for legislating from the bench to bring about the undoing of a holding company. The court, he wrote, "cannot cite so much as a statutory hint" of the policy it was invoking. "The court is not enforcing a policy of Congress," he went on; "it is competing with Congress in creating new regulations in banking, a field peculiarly within legislative rather than judicial competence."

The court's opinions are now scanned eagerly every week for tidbits of controversy. The rewards are numerous. In a single day recently the justices handed down nine split opinions out of a total of thirteen, three cases being decided by five-to-four

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votes and two by six-to-three votes. The trend seems to be toward more division instead of less. Once it was feared that the eight Roosevelt-appointed justices might act as a unified bloc. Now they are castigated for making a sort of judicial hash of the law. In fact, early in February, Justices Roberts and Frankfurter expressed the belief that the Supreme Court's "tendency to disregard precedents" had become so strong as to leave future litigants and the lower courts "without any confidence that what was said yesterday will hold good tomorrow."

Beyond this widening schism is an invisible struggle for the chief justiceship when Harlan F. Stone retires. He is now more than a year beyond the retirement age. There is no indication yet that he intends to step down. But an acute yearning to have President Roosevelt appoint a young New Dealer — perhaps Justice Robert H. Jackson — Chief Justice before he leaves the White House in 1945 — or 1949 — may be detected in Washington. John Adams kept the Federalist influence alive for thirty-four years by installing John Marshall as Chief Justice shortly before Adams' term expired.

Andrew Jackson nearly duplicated that feat by his appointment of Roger B. Taney. The atmosphere around the court will probably remain tense until it is determined whether the second Roosevelt is to have a second opportunity to do likewise.

Who are the men who are writing

the new chapter in our judicial history? Jackson reached the Supreme Bench by way of court-room practice and New Deal politics. When he attended Albany Law School, he was in too much of a hurry to take out a degree, but even without one he easily climbed the ladder from country lawyer to prosecutor of tax dodgers, to chief trust buster, to Solicitor General, Attorney General and Supreme Court Justice. The list of big cases he has won carries him unmistakably to the top tier of successful court lawyers, and that is no mean distinction in a tribunal of professors.

At one time Jackson's vigor, sharp tongue and crusading spirit seemed to make him heir apparent to Roosevelt. He campaigned for his chief with single-minded zeal that knew no bounds. Although he disliked the court-packing bill of 1937, he became one of its most persuasive advocates because he believed it was necessary to jar the old court out of its reactionary groove.

After this bill had been defeated Attorney General Jackson kept the feud alive by writing a book — *The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy* — in which he declared that the court had been wrong in every "major conflict with the representative branches" over social and economic policy. Soon thereafter he found himself on the big bench, as if in reward for this hint that the court ought to follow the election returns. In the austere environment of the court, however, Jackson's fire has cooled a bit.

Dynamic, scholarly and usually

liberal Felix Frankfurter is easily the most challenging personality on the court and therefore the chief fulcrum of controversy. While he was professor at Harvard Law School, Frankfurter made himself the country's foremost critic of the Supreme Court. He came to know more about the court and its work than the court itself did. His sharp, crackling intellect and his easy familiarity with the stuff that law is made of gave him first claim to the seat vacated by Justice Cardozo.

But he didn't spring full-fledged from the classroom, like Athena from the head of Zeus. Rather he hewed out his own path to the bench as a brain truster of the 1932 campaign, as a strategist of palace politics and draftsman of many a piece of New Deal legislation. Unofficially he became, and still remains, a formidable power within the Administration. What could be more natural to the President than to advance this close friend and mentor to the bench to garnish with constitutionality the measures he had helped to conceive and to write?

Frankfurter's liberalism and devotion to a political cause are restrained, however, by his ethics and a judicial quality in his temperament. He veers farthest to the left when he gets a case in his own special field of labor relations. Then he is likely to strain a "linchpin of jurisdiction" or, as in the *Hutcheson* case, to fashion a "mosaic of significance out of disjointed bits of a statute" in order to resolve the doubt in favor of labor. But even

labor is sometimes wrong, a weakness that the jaunty little justice refuses to share with it.

Frankfurter's transition from the classroom to the bench was a trying experience for other members of the court and the bar. Sometimes he delivered little professorial lectures on the cases at bar. That was so irritating to the more seasoned judges trying to get a comprehensive view of each case in the brief time allotted for arguments that Chief Justice Hughes tactfully intervened on some occasions to cut the lectures short.

Mingled with this prima-donna complex and the vanity which crops out through purple patches in his opinions are a zest for life and a sense of humor that endear Frankfurter to an army of friends. One day he stepped into the Supreme Court barber shop just as a newspaper man was getting into the chair. The reporter volunteered to step aside. "No, keep your place," Frankfurter said. "Equal justice under law [the legend chiseled into the court's architrave] should operate here as well as in the court room."

II

"Liberal" is a lazy thinker's word, but if it is taken to mean farthest to the left, Justice Black is leader of the court's liberal wing. Black has worked prodigiously for six years to counteract the furor his appointment caused. In that he has partly succeeded. His mistake of concealing his former mem-

bership in the Ku Klux Klan until he was safely ensconced on the bench, and until the press had exposed the facts, will always trail after him. But he has certainly sloughed off the taint of klanism from his judicial thinking. He is one of the most unrelenting champions of civil rights ever to sit on the Supreme Bench.

By burning midnight oil Black has also greatly extended his legal knowledge. Once he was accused of writing such blundering opinions that they had to be rewritten by other justices. Now he is something of an expert in maritime law. But Black was never a scholar by habit, and there is no reason to suppose that his mental brushing-up will make him a great judge. His temperament and training fit him chiefly for rough and tumble politics, as his recent gratuitous rebuttals suggest. His senatorial investigation of the utility lobby rode roughshod over civil rights in order to expose the power barons more handily. He went all out for packing the court. Before that he wanted to nullify the court's opinions against New Deal measures by every device at the command of Congress.

Hard-working but colorless Stanley F. Reed owes his elevation to the Supreme Bench to his broad view of Federal powers and to the necessity of making a "safe" appointment after the Black episode. He won his legal spurs as attorney for a tobacco co-op. Hoover brought him into government service as general counsel to the old Federal Farm Board. He was plodding

through legal underbrush for the RFC when the White House borrowed him as a court-room defender of New Deal legislation. He threw himself into the task with work-horse zeal and was made Solicitor General. His arguments met many rebuffs in the court, but they demonstrated to the President that Reed was the type of lawyer he wanted on the bench. For Reed expounded the Constitution as only a guide and not a curb to "necessary governmental powers." He shuttles between the Jackson-Frankfurter duo and the Black-Douglas-Murphy trio.

Sandy-haired, yarn-spinning "Bill" Douglas is the most colorful personality on the court. He has never held an elective office and his judicial knitting has kept him pretty busy for the last four years. Yet Douglas remains a sort of pin-up boy of politics. Some of his friends are convinced that he will not endure the dignity of a black robe the rest of his life. But his lack of interest in several big war jobs which he might have had suggests that he likes the bench better than some of his friends have supposed.

Part of the political glamour that clings to Douglas arises from the Horatio Alger pattern of his career. He reached the highest court in the land by way of hawking papers in Yakima, by washing windows, teaching school and chaperoning a car-load of sheep across the continent as well as by lecturing at Yale and working sixteen hours a day as chairman of the SEC. Some of these assets may be wasted on the bench, but his "brothers" have a

healthy respect for his knowledge of corporation law and the intricacies of high finance.

The real misfit on the court is Justice Murphy. His dislike for the assignment came to the surface in 1942 when he took a leave of absence and went into the Army as a lieutenant colonel. Having long ago jilted the law for politics, and having been jilted in turn by the voters of Michigan, he lacks the persistence of Justice Black in rewooing his first love. So he, has not found a comfortable niche on the bench. His transfer from the Cabinet to the court can be explained only by the President's habit of making judges out of Attorneys General and the fact that a Catholic was needed to replace Justice Pierce Butler.

Latest of the recruits to the liberal wing is Justice Wiley B. Rutledge — the court's only graduate from a lower bench. But the President didn't just go rummaging around the courts of the land to find a great jurist when Justice James F. Byrnes resigned. First he offered the post to Attorney General Biddle. Now the court already had three Attorneys General and one Solicitor General among its members. It had found itself stymied in an important case (another like it came later) because it couldn't get a quorum of judges who had not had some connection with the case as Government lawyers. Another Attorney General might have turned the court's dilemma into a nightmare. For this reason Mr. Biddle must have induced the President to seek a justice outside

the circle of his own legal aides. Anyway, the President turned to Rutledge whom he had placed on the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia three years earlier.

Rutledge is an able professor of law without much experience before the bar. He was dean of the University of Iowa Law School when President Roosevelt discovered his adroitness in reading new meaning into old law. On the Court of Appeals he proved his unwillingness to wait for legislatures to change the law. He took a hand in streamlining it from the bench.

Chief Justice Stone fits rather uncomfortably into this sort of tribunal. In the "horse-and-buggy" days he was the most outspoken voice of the liberal minority. Now his frequent dissents are called conservative. That is because this rugged, homespun jurist has clung to his habit of independent thinking while the court around him has experienced something of a revolution. Perhaps the roots of this habit go back to Stone's youth on a New Hampshire farm and his football days at Amherst. Certainly the habit was strengthened by his deanship at Columbia University Law School, and it survived his practice of law in New York and his eleven months as Coolidge's Attorney General. When he was named to the court, ignorant critics labeled him "Wall Street lawyer." Stone quietly confounded them by giving "hospitable scope" to the law and the Constitution. Many years later ignorant admirers classified him as a "New Deal

judge." They, too, were sharply disillusioned. The Chief Justice remains first and last a professional jurist of the Holmes-Brandeis school, a jurist who cuts fearlessly through sentiment, sophistry, and politics to find the law, and lets the chips fall where they may.

But Stone is not a Marshall who carries his court with him regardless of politics and predilections. His leadership is undercut by the fact that every justice, except himself and Owen J. Roberts, has been named from the President's official family or a little inner circle of his followers. Time gave the President what Congress had so emphatically denied him — the opportunity of making over the Supreme Court. He has used that opportunity to appoint men who would cut loose from the legal concepts of the past. In this general attitude toward the Constitution and the law, and in their adherence to certain Administration policies, the new justices seem to be in agreement. Beyond these realms of common understanding, however, their differences are wide and deep. That is why the court is often criticized as a tribunal of "yes men" one week and as a Babel the next.

III

There is a persistent effort to explain the epidemic of dissents in recent months by saying that the liberal *vs.* conservative fight has been won and that the liberals are now merely settling minor differences on a narrower

plane. I fear that the cause runs deeper than that. The net effect of the Roosevelt appointments has been to cut the court loose from previous legal and philosophical moorings, not to give it a new set of rational guide lines. The new judges agree with the President that the Constitution and laws shall not be rigidly interpreted but sharply disagree on what shall take the place of rigid interpretation. So decisions are more frequently based on vague legal concepts or on ethics, morals, mere expediency or personal predilections. That inevitably produces conflict and, as Justices Roberts and Frankfurter complain, public misunderstanding of what the law is.

Some results of the court's new sense of freedom are unquestionably good. The rejuvenated court has stripped the Constitution of various obsolete incrustations of judicial dogma. Note what has happened to the long-standing but unnecessary judge-made tax immunities. State employes now pay Federal income taxes along with all other citizens, and the States may tax Federal salaries so long as each avoids discrimination and use of its taxing powers to interfere with governmental functions beyond its control. This sensible arrangement appears to satisfy both the Constitution and modern demands for revenue.

"Due process of law" has also been shrunk to something approaching its historic meaning. That vague phrase had been used to break down minimum-wage laws and thwart an untold number of social experiments on the

part of both the State and Federal Governments. Now the "due process" clauses of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments are regaining their rightful places as guarantees of fair play between government and citizen.

Civil rights lie close to the heart of the present court, so close that it sometimes turns loose confessed criminals because of technical slips in the judicial process. The chief exception to this generalization was the reactionary decision that children attending public schools may be constitutionally forced to salute the flag. Justices Douglas, Black and Murphy allowed their first misgivings over this decision to be overcome by the tornado of legal learning that had recently swept into the Court from Boston. But after mulling over the issue for several months, they concluded that Frankfurter was wrong and Stone right. They made a public confession of error, and when a similar case reached the court, the Chief Justice's dissent became law. Replacement of Justice Byrnes by Rutledge led to reversal of another careless decision upholding the arrest of a woman for selling a Bible without having paid a license fee.

It is in mushrooming the commerce clause that the court has most seriously lost the sense of constitutional restraint. The power "to regulate commerce . . . among the several States" has been pushed outward, upward and downward until it covers even local business, farming and labor

relations. Having been stampeded into acceptance of the view that employment in big manufacturing plants could be regulated from Washington as part of the economic system which keeps interstate commerce flowing, the court can now find no logical point at which to draw a line between Federal and local powers of economic control. So it has simply opened the floodgates of Federal power.

Here is an example from Texas: an independent contractor was drilling holes in oil lands. As is customary, he never drilled all the way down to the oil-bearing strata and never brought in a well. But the contractor was held to be producing goods for interstate commerce, and thus subject to the Federal wage-and-hour law, because some of the holes would later be converted into wells by other contractors and some of the oil which they might produce might be shipped over State lines. Justice Roberts, dissenting, accused the court of ignoring "all practical distinction between what is parochial and what is national."

There are many similar cases. Janitors and other employes of a New York building were brought within the Federal wage-hour regulations simply because their work contributes to the comfort of seamstresses employed in the building to make clothes that may enter interstate commerce. In *Wickard vs. Filburn* the court forced an Ohio farmer to pay a penalty of \$117 for growing wheat to feed to his own chickens — all in the name of regulating interstate com-

merce. The farmer had planted a few acres more than his AAA allotment. The court blandly waved aside the fact that he wanted to use the wheat on his own farm. "Home-grown wheat," said Justice Jackson's opinion, "... competes with wheat in commerce."

How can we avoid the conclusion that the court has sat as a constitutional convention? The fact is that it has given Federal agencies, without consent of the people, more power than has ever been granted by constitutional amendment.

This does not mean, however, that Congress now has a free hand in regulating the economic affairs of the nation. The court has held no act of Congress unconstitutional since 1936, but it has found other means of emasculating laws that do not meet with its approval. Its most potent weapon nowadays is a sort of strip-tease interpretation. Consider the Teamsters case. There was no dispute as to the facts. Union racketeers were extorting fees from truck drivers entering New York and beating up those who failed to comply. They were convicted under the Anti-racketeering Act of 1934. But the Supreme Court exonerated them under the pretense that Congress had intended to exempt such militant labor activity when it forbade application of the law to "the payment of wages by a bona fide employer to a bona fide employé."

Could Congress have meant "black-mail" when it said "wages"? I decided to find out. The issue turned en-

tirely upon the revision of the anti-racketeering bill in 1934 by the House Judiciary Committee. So I went to members of that committee and asked what their intent had been. Here are a few typical replies: "It [the court's opinion] is a ridiculous misconstruction of the law." "Chief Justice Stone's dissent is 100 per cent right." "Of course, we intended the act to apply to all racketeering that interferes with interstate commerce." Every member of the 1934 Judiciary Committee who is still in Congress — Democrats, New Dealers and Republicans alike — believes that the court misconstrued the law.

Judicial strip-tease was used again in the Schneiderman case. Schneiderman had been naturalized under the pretense that he was loyally attached to the principles of the Constitution when actually he was a teacher and worker in the Communist Party advocating overthrow of the government by force and violence. The court detoured around the law and its own previous decisions to let him keep his citizenship. Chief Justice Stone, in another withering dissent, showed how the majority had made hash of the law and defied the will of Congress.

The Roosevelt court has shaken itself free from the reactionism of its predecessor, but it is a long way from being a truly liberal court after the Stone pattern or the Holmes tradition. It has yet to develop a sense of teamwork or a set of principles that will safely orient big government at Washington in our Federal system.

HOW A GREAT ARMY COLLAPSES

BY MAJOR ERWIN LESSNER

The day is not far off when Hitler's armies will disintegrate and collapse, as the Kaiser's did in 1918. Armies will turn into mobs. What is the process like? An officer who lived through the agonizing death of the once great Austro-Hungarian Army here answers the question.

OUR summer offensive in 1918 had failed utterly. Few of the spearheading divisions had actually succeeded in crossing the River Piave, and these only to be repelled in the foothills of the Montello and thrown back to the initial positions. Our losses were frightful and we were bewildered. True, the odds had been against us. The Piave had been unexpectedly swollen by heavy rains and the floods destroyed more bridges than enemy action; and the generals had blundered, as generals always do — at least in the opinion of the subalterns. But something else must have gone wrong, something we did not fully understand. Only eight months earlier we had chased the Italians like rabbits at Caporetto. Now they were chasing us. . . .

My oldest staff sergeant, a professional soldier who had been in the

army before I was born, looked thoughtful. I wanted to comfort him. "Never mind, Pelosa," I said, "next time we'll surely break through."

"I report most obediently, sir," the gray-haired non-com replied. "I just feel that we were lucky *not* to break through."

I could not believe my ears.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "that's what I mean — most obediently. Look at our horses, sir. They are underfed. They could hardly draw our heavy howitzers out of their emplacements. They certainly couldn't go on for many miles of pursuit. We'd have to stop, and our infantrymen would have no support if they should advance. In the trenches they have their ammunition cases right on hand. But marching they would have to carry the stuff. Look at our men, sir. . . . How far do you think this pitiful lot could

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march their equipment? They would throw it away soon and march unarmed! I'm only a non-com, but I think that the best our army can do now is to fight the war right here, without moving and carrying."

I think that Staff-Sergeant Pelosa was the first man in our sector of what was once the great Austrian army to understand the truth. The army was unable to advance. Therefore the war was lost. But how and when the loss would become obvious I did not know. Soon we would be attacked. Could this "standing army" repulse an enemy? Would even an orderly retreat become impossible? When should we be paralyzed completely?

In perplexity I began to watch the increasing signs of merciless decay. Our infantrymen, half-starved, poorly clad, brooded in their trenches, indifferent to anything but the scant food and the abundant vermin. From time to time the soldiers' weight was taken for official reports. It declined steadily. Finally it reached the shocking average of 100 pounds — whether clad or unclad I did not exactly know, but it made little difference, because they had no undershirts and their footwear was mostly of paper. Once they had been sturdy peasants.

And we had had sturdy horses too. Now they were half-dead nags. We tried an experiment — feeding some horses better at the expense of the others. The suddenly better fed animals were stricken with intestinal troubles and some of them died. Our cannon-barrels had been tested for a

certain number of shots. Thereafter they became inaccurate and endangered the crews. Records were kept. The top figure had been reached everywhere, but requests for new barrels remained unanswered. So we stopped keeping records. What did it matter how many shots passed before a gun blew up and killed its crew? Besides, there was not much shooting anyway; we were short of ammunition. My battery was supposed to have enough for 1440 shots. At Caporetto we had enough for 3500. Now the figure was 200 and would soon be less, and it was not worth while guessing when it would be zero. Two men had to carry a shrapnel now, instead of one. The men were too weak and every move slowed them down. Soon we would shoot still slower, or not at all. . . .

From "above" came strange inquiries. We were to report about our subordinates' morale and political reliability. Which meant that our superiors had to report about ours. Many officers raged. They were loyal and obedient servants of His Imperial and Royal Majesty but not stool-pigeons. Most of the questionnaires remained unanswered or were returned with sarcastic replies.

There was a split among the officers, along class lines. One day I remarked to my regimental commander, who had always liked me, that the war was being lost. He yelled: "Lost! That means that sonny-boy will go back to his papa the Imperial Councillor and millionaire, to sport his stars and

medals. . . . Pa will provide new saddle-horses and a new car. But what about us have-nots? Perhaps you'd like me to become your chauffeur . . . or butler. . . . I might even accept. But take it from me, you —, one day I'll poison you for your arrogant safety." He looked like a madman.

We had been comrades for years. Now, envy and distrust spread.

II

Viewed from the outside, this was still a formidable army — some 150 divisions, with thousands of guns. But they were short of recent equipment, particularly without a single tank. Many divisions were undermanned, but they still figured as units. This army was rotting, and all of us were rotting with it. The war had lasted for such a long time that many had almost forgotten the normal world. There was no fighting spirit, but apathy found refuge in the poor routine of hanging around in trenches and emplacements — in being a small, weak, tired cog in a tremendous though disintegrating war machine.

If the enemy were to attack, the soldiers might fight back, might throw their hundred pounds each into battle . . . to avoid the strain of marching back.

New orders came. The German High Command had asked ours to introduce pep-talks in the daily routine. Our High Command asked the section commanders to make the

talks. We got sample copies: the German claim, on Alsace Lorraine . . . we would never yield the Trentino . . . the Central Powers had been attacked. . . . It all sounded either ironical or silly. I knew our men wouldn't listen. And it might even be dangerous to get their brains to function again. What should my Slovenian peasants care about a place called Strasbourg, or who mobilized first back in 1914? If I started them thinking again, they might think of going home.

The pep-talks did not materialize. Other talks did. Men came back from furloughs. Some new reservists showed up. What they said, nobody could quite understand. They did not exactly know themselves. But they claimed there was still a place called home, that it was useless to fight on, that everybody should save his own skin. . . . Some section commanders had these men arrested. I made no arrests. No major plots were discovered. Just vague talk.

More and more of the soldiers who went on furlough in the early fall of 1918 failed to return. We had more losses through desertion than other casualties. We were informed, in low tones, that there were three times as many deserters as policemen, so the officials did not like to go "hunting." We listed the men as "delayed returners" and did not notify the higher officers.

But the machine was still functioning. Soldiers relieved each other, saluted their officers — more or less,

went on patrol duty, fired on command. They took orders and obeyed, indifferently, maybe even unconsciously. The hypnosis called drill held them together. Patriotism was dead, enthusiasm a fading memory. If anyone had asked the men why they still carried on, they would have had no answer. The officers did not know exactly either. They grumbled more than their men. The end would be frightful! It was fear of this end that made us keep up the empty play. We waited for some issue without too terrible a catastrophe.

The nerves of those who had not sunk into utter apathy were strained to the breaking point. This was unbearable! We ought to attack regardless of cost! The soldiers ought to be told that there was plenty of everything behind the enemy lines . . . just one more effort, then booty and happiness. Perhaps they would advance, lashed by the fury of despair. And if we failed we would at least have ceased to worry, it would be a kind of peace. It meant suicide for fear of death. But the plan was seriously considered.

September went by. Bulgaria collapsed. The army vegetated. Single company or battery commanders deliberately started provocative actions, to draw enemy attacks. We yearned for a showdown. Orders had to be issued to prevent individual moves. The orders were carried out. The hypnosis that held the army together still worked.

From behind the lines came bad

news. Whole units disregarded commands to move forward to re-enforce the staggering front. The rot was going deeper. Confidential reports reached us, urgent requests to report on spirit and loyalty. We knew more by this time, but how report what we did not understand? The High Command took action. There were still some loyal divisions among the reserves. Instead of moving these forward to the front, they were wheeled around and thrown into battle — against the disloyal divisions in the rear.

The Emperor issued a proclamation. The nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy were summoned to create “national states” within the framework of the Monarchy. Politicians to the rear understood that this was the end — another suicide attempt for fear of death. Few soldiers understood, fewer cared about nationalities. They cared only for some miracle to end the paralyzing nightmare. A new Budapest government ordered all Hungarian regiments home. The Hungarian reserves forgot about loyalty to the Monarchy and tried to get home. The Hungarian front regiments rarely heard about the order.

III

One day — we did not exactly know what day — it became empty at our rear. Where there had been a sense of support there was now a void. Loyalists and disloyalists had swept one another away, homeward. And the

High Command of the Piave armies, supposed to be at Udine, had left for an unknown destination. Gone also was nearly all the rolling stock, the last bit of food, every animal. The heavier arms were abandoned, but small arms, useful for looting and plundering, were carried away. If the enemy struck now it would be the *coup de grâce*. But he did not strike.

And something happened. Nobody had really expected it, but as soon as it happened everyone knew it had to come. I refer to the Unknown Mutineer. One man somewhere simply refused to take orders. He laid down his arms and started towards the rear, towards home. It spread like wildfire. Men just left, singly or in masses. Non-coms raged, officers shouted — but they did not rage and shout very much. There was no machine any more.

There were just men, hundreds of thousands, a million, more than a million. Why should a hundred or a thousand men take orders from one man? Why had they ever done so? An illusion gave way. The soldiers rarely attacked their officers. Personal sympathies and respects did not entirely vanish with the collapse of hypnosis. A cry for home was in the air. Drill had made everyone deaf to it, but now everyone heard that cry.

Those who decided to lead their soldiers homeward had no opposition. The men were weak and hungry. The trenches emptied rapidly. On the roads back the hikers were addressed by suddenly emerged orators and

demagogues. But there was only one thing the hikers wanted to know: if there was any food or transportation nearby. For the rest they did not care. A national homestead? Wonderful . . . but first we want to get there. Recruiting for new national armies? Absurd! We're not quitting one army to join another!

Only a few sections remained in the lines. They would have left soon. They had merely been somewhat slower in thawing out of the hypnosis. And at this moment the enemy struck. Had the offensive really been scheduled for this day? Did the Italians desire to finish off the war with spectacular slaughter after many defeats and scant victories?

We did not know. Vittorio Veneto was certainly not a real battle. Our artillery hardly fired. Most guns were deserted. In sectors to be manned by a thousand infantrymen there was an average of twenty "rifle bearers." The roads to the rear were crammed with unarmed, desperate hikers.

Some primer-heroes, professional officers who could not conceive of surviving defeat, telephoned for orders to a higher command that was no longer there. They organized pathetic improvised "defense positions" without flanking contacts and were turned from both sides. In the trenches men died where they stood, because they were too feeble to fall back; among them were many seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds who were "fed up with life." Strafing aviators cut marching troops, who had not a single

machine gun for cover, into ribbons.

This had been the oldest army on the European continent. It had taken centuries to build it up. Now it was ruined beyond repair by the collapse of a hypnosis. This mob would never be an army again. A dark stream of men, sometimes stained red by blood, overflowed the roads. If there was any fighting it was over a crust of bread, or over a perilous place somewhere on the roofs or buffers of the few remaining railway cars.

The Supreme Command signed the armistice. Perhaps it really was a misunderstanding that made the enemy continue to kill men and take prisoners twenty-four hours longer than agreed; perhaps the Italians wanted impressive figures and carried on beyond the zero-hour; perhaps — and there was much talk about this later — the Supreme Command wanted its ex-soldiers bled a little more, so they would be less troublesome. None of us learned the answer.

Regions which the scattered remnants of the once proud army had to pass, the Carso which we had defended at terrific cost, the South Slavonic district from which my regiment came, had been declared foreign and hostile territory. My men — 17 out of 228 — remained there with an upright farewell. Alone I boarded a train, the last from Trieste, and shared a toilet room with four other persons during the two-day trip which in normal times took one night. In Vienna, crowds of hoodlums gathered at the station, booing officers and tearing off the insignia of their rank. Hoarse choruses led by deserters shouted a new "song": "The distinguished gentlemen with the gold stars will have to clean the streets for us now. . . ."

Efficient traders, closely connected with hoodlums and deserters, offered a few cents for second-hand arms. The sellers were not soldiers any more. The mighty Imperial and Royal Army had ceased to exist.



God offers to every mind its choice between truth and
repose.

— EMERSON

PAT HURLEY, AMBASSADOR AT LARGE

By J. LACEY REYNOLDS

SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt asked Pat Hurley, Hoover's Secretary of War, what he wanted to do. With a sober face that belied his itch for action, Hurley replied: "I'm going to New Mexico where I have a canyon leading to my place that's so narrow I've had to teach my dog to wag his tail up and down instead of sideways. And I'm going to stay there until this whole damn mess is over."

The President chortled and forthwith named Hurley his general utility man, with a global assignment and the rank of Brigadier General. Since that January day in 1942, Pat has undertaken three of the most colorful missions of the war. He has flown the Pacific twice, the Atlantic four times and set foot on every continent. The list of places he has visited reads like an atlas. In one fifty-week period he covered 85,000 miles, which is three times the distance around the world.

On three occasions he ran the Jap blockade of the Philippines. He was Johnny-on-the-spot when his old friend and associate, General Douglas MacArthur, flew out of Bataan to

Australia. He was in the desert just before Rommel was whipped at El Alemein. And when the Russians snapped shut the giant pinchers that trapped the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad in November 1942, Pat was there to see the juncture of the Red forces.

Running the blockade to Bataan and Corregidor, he brought back three wounds. A Jap fighter pounded at his bomber over Soerabaja, Java, and nicked his leg. Another fighter gave him more of the same over the Timor Sea — this time in the shoulder. He got it in the head at Port Darwin, Australia, when the town was bombed "and there were more ships in the air than in the harbor." When the shrapnel stopped flying, he and a buck private scrambled out of the ditch they had shared. Hurley's shirt front was damp with blood from his scalp wound. The private solicitously inquired: "Why, General, what hit you?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Hurley with a dead pan. "I was out in the field trying to catch a canary, and it kicked hell out of me."

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Another close call occurred near Stalingrad when a German mine exploded, demolishing a supply truck directly in front of his own car and showering him with debris. His latest close call occurred last March on a flight from Natal, Brazil to Africa, when one of the plane's four engines went dead, and a second turned temperamental. They were halfway across the intertropical zone, a region of constant rains, electrical storms and towering cumulus clouds. Playing safe, the pilot turned back toward South America with the wind behind him. Just then, the danger lights on the dash indicated fire in the third engine. Pat and twenty-five passengers were ordered to don life preservers and get out the rubber life rafts. There were tense moments as the flight engineer nursed the ailing motors. In that interval, the irrepressible Oklahoman promenaded up and down the aisle offering 10-to-1 odds that they would make it back to land.

Hurley's first mission was to act as the President's "bag man" in the South Pacific. He boarded a plane for Australia carrying a bag containing \$1,000,000 in gold coin to buy ships to run the gauntlet to Bataan. Upon arriving, he scoured the seas for venturesome captains and crews. If they hesitated, Pat's fluid tongue and little canvas bag persuaded them.

He procured scows and sailboats and junks. When a vessel failed to return, it was his job to take care of the widows of the crew out of the little canvas bag. One out of every three

did get through, however. Thanks to Hurley, the defenders of Bataan never lacked small arms and ammunition, whatever else they may have lacked. A year later Stimson pinned on Pat Hurley's chest the oak leaf cluster for his efforts in aiding MacArthur and for his subsequent service in Russia.

When Bataan fell in April 1942 and MacArthur was yanked out of the Philippines, Hurley greeted him in Australia. Their status was changed from the old days. Back in Washington during the Hoover administration, Hurley was Secretary of War and therefore boss; as chief of staff, MacArthur took orders. But in Australia, MacArthur was boss. As always, however, their friendship transcended rank or title. The Philippine mission ended, Pat proceeded to New Zealand to become the first American minister there. His status was unique, for diplomats seldom enjoy military rank. For five months, he gave them both barrels, diplomatic and military, rallying them with eloquent and effective speeches and promising arms and ammunition to stem the Japanese tide. After one such exhortation, he asked an American officer whether he thought the speech had gone over. "Why shouldn't it?" was the reply. "You promised them everything except your stock in the Richfield Oil Company."

In September 1942, General Hurley popped up in Washington for extended conferences with the President. A few days later he disappeared, this time bound for Russia on his sec-

ond mission for the chief. Our ambassador had been imprisoned in protocol, and our embassy staff interred in communism's most notable structure — the crypt of bureaucracy. Roosevelt was particularly anxious to get an appraisal of the strength of the Red Army, since no foreign military observers had been permitted to get much closer to the front than Moscow itself.

II

In his contacts with Stalin, Hurley didn't traffic in diplomatic folderol. He gave the dictator Pat Hurley, American capitalist, Oklahoma style, with plenty of personality, humor and straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. His own Horatio Alger career — from coal miner to Cabinet member — seemed sufficient proof of the virtues of the way of life he represented.

The day they met, Stalin tried to give Hurley a sales talk on the glories of Soviet production. But Pat cut him short, pointing out that the success of Russian arms was dependent, in large part, upon the output of American industry. After this factual reminder, they got along famously. Hurley, who couldn't even stomach the radical New Deal, much less communism, was impressed by Stalin the man of action. Stalin so admired Hurley, he cabled the President to that effect. Hurley asked point-blank for permission to visit the front and got it.

He flew to a point near Stalingrad,

crossed the Don and proceeded far down the corridor the Russians were hewing out of a mountain of Axis steel, in their encircling move to trap the foe. He lived at headquarters, sharing the campaigner's bed, board and vodka, and not changing clothes the entire ten days. He slept within sound of cannon, constantly alerted and always conscious that the Axis flood which had been rolled back on either side was pressing against the dykes of defense.

One day, 20,000 satellite cavalrymen did try to break through, and the Reds fell upon their flanks with tanks and Cossacks. All day the battle raged. As the low winter sun descended, a blinding sleet storm obscured the view and a biting sub-zero freeze set in. Next morning, Pat came upon the battlefield, and his word description of that spectacular scene is most eloquent. During the night, the sleet had encased the dead and dying, man and beast, in a sheet of glittering ice. Nature had carved a magnificent and grotesque statuary, with more realism than the chisel of man could ever hope to capture!

It was at the Don front that General Hurley was asked to give the American war cry. Of course, the U. S. Army has no official war cry, but Pat was too much of a showman to disappoint an audience. So he expanded his chest and came through with an ungodly series of yips and whoops and yells. It was the Choctaw battle cry — the original American war cry — which Pat had learned in

his youth among the Choctaws in Indian Territory. The whoop endeared him to the Russians. They loaded him down with presents, including a black caracul hat and a black Caucasian cape of goatskin that stank for a city block.

It was not until he returned from Russia in January 1943 that he formally resigned as minister to New Zealand. The President immediately named him his "personal representative in the Near and Middle East." This area is a mosaic of small but strategic countries — Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Iraq, Iran and Saudi Arabia — forming the heart of the Arab world and lying within the British sphere of influence. The conquest of North Africa with its predominant Moslem Arab population demanded that we at last formulate a Near East policy instead of tagging along on British policy.

The key to the Near East is Iran, and Hurley concentrated his attention there. Through it runs the Trans-Iranian railroad, the main lend-lease artery to Russia. Its diplomatic significance lies in the fact that it is the only country in the world where American, British and Russian troops meet in daily contact. Pat found the Iranians most unhappy. Russia had occupied the northern third and Britain the remainder of the country in 1941 when the former Shah was ousted as a pro-Nazi. Thus Iran became an occupied country and feared for its independence.

Four months after arriving in the

Near East, Pat made three recommendations to remedy the situation: (1) that Iran be permitted to declare war on the Axis and, as a belligerent, attain parity with the other United Nations; (2) that the American Legation at Teheran be raised to an Embassy, placing it on a par with the Russian Embassy there; (3) that the principles of the Atlantic Charter be extended to the Indian Ocean to insure the postwar independence and territorial integrity of Iran.

The first two recommendations were simple enough. But the third involved the whole question of Uncle Joe's territorial intentions in that part of the world after the war. Would he sign away any future claim to Iranian oil? Any claim to the Trans-Iranian railroad running to the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean? To the warm water outlet which Russia has traditionally sought?

While Pat pondered ways and means, President Roosevelt sent him to China to pave the way for the Cairo meeting with Chiang Kai-shek. In Chungking, Hurley discovered that the Generalissimo was tremendously interested in the fate of Iran. China had problems not unlike Iran's, what with Chinese communists in the north and the former British possessions along her coast. If Winston Churchill and Uncle Joe could be persuaded to respect the independence of Iran in postwar, would not the same formula be applied to China?

It was at the Cairo conference a

few weeks later that Pat "sold" the President on, the significance of applying the Atlantic Charter to Iran. The President was so captivated by the vision that he ordered Pat to proceed to Teheran immediately to work out an Iranian declaration before the Big Three arrived. To assist him there, he gave Pat the temporary rank of Ambassador and made him a Major-General.

Working with British, Russians and Iranians, Pat framed the Declaration of the Three Nations Regarding Iran. It gave Iran "such economic assistance as possible" during the war and "full consideration" afterwards. But more important, it reaffirmed the postwar independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Iran in accordance with the principles of the Atlantic Charter. When the British saw the final draft, they were casual. The Russians were not enthusiastic. But Pat bullied it through. On December 1, the last night of the Teheran conference, he got the Big Three to sign on the dotted line — Churchill first, Stalin second and Roosevelt third. Pat considers this the greatest success of his diplomatic career. He sees the Iranian Declaration as the hope of lands in similar circumstance who dream of the right to determine their own destinies when peace finally returns.

The President was so pleased that he did not wait until he returned to Washington before sending Pat's nomination as Major-General to the Senate for confirmation.

III

Pat Hurley has always capitalized on his wild west background and his rise from rags to riches. He's proud of digging his way out of an Oklahoma coal mine where he worked as a teenage orphan at twenty-five cents a day. He's proud of his Irish parents who fled the homeland because of their zeal for Irish Independence; who landed at Galveston and moved to Lehigh, Oklahoma, then in Indian Territory, where they grubbed a living out of the soil with a rifle in one hand and a ploughshare in the other.

He's proud that he tamed, with bare fists, a kicking mule called Kitchen Pete; broke a wild cayuse called Dynamite; fought an Indian called Crazy Snake, and worked as cowhand on the Lazy S Ranch in Texas. He's proud he worked his way through a freshwater college by cleaning the stables, and later earned his law degree in Washington by driving a taxi and dusting a law office. He's proud he amassed a fortune of from five to fifteen million dollars.

As for his military record, he's the only Secretary of War who started out as a private. Enlisting in the militia in Indian Territory in 1903, he worked up to the rank of captain in the Oklahoma National Guard. He took part in the Crazy Creek rebellion of the Creek Indians, and was on the Mexican border with the National Guard. He emerged from World War I as a lieutenant colonel, and took part in four offensives. On the last day of

the war, he won the Distinguished Service Medal and the Silver Star "for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Foret de Woerve."

His military career began with a rebuff — when he tried to enlist in Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American war. Teddy sent him home with the fatherly advice that the Rough Riders couldn't use little boys. Pat was fifteen at the time.

After a vicarious schooling in an assortment of colleges, Pat clerked for a while in the Indian Office in Oklahoma. Upon admission to the bar in 1908, he immediately mounted a fine steed, strutted into Tulsa right down the main street for all the folks to see. So compelling was his personality that two years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he was elected president of the Tulsa Bar association. In 1912 he was appointed attorney for the Choctaw nation for \$5,000 a year and expenses. The job took him to Washington where he handled Indian claims totaling \$35,000,000. This gave rise to a rumor he was part Indian. "No, I'm not Indian," he drawled, "I'm half Irish and half white."

In romance, as in business, warfare and diplomacy, Hurley was direct. The first time he saw his future wife, while she was depicting Diana in a pageant, he told a friend: "Some day that woman is going to be Mrs. Hurley." But the war intervened before he met her. Right after they were introduced, he told her she was going to marry him. She suggested he see

"dad" who happened to be Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of the Atlantic fleet. The Admiral's flagship was anchored in the Hudson River, so Pat hired a launch to take him out to see the old man. The wedding took place on December 5, 1919. There are four children, three daughters and a son now at West Point.

Returning to Tulsa, Pat amassed his fortune during the 1920's. His first legal fee had been a section of prairie land. Pat subdivided it, and Tulsa grew. He branched out into oil and his Irish luck went with him.

He had eschewed politics for many years — ever since he took a trimming in a race for the state senate in earlier Oklahoma days. But in 1928, a newspaper attack on Hoover so enraged him, he joined the Hoover forces, stumping Oklahoma by plane. This, in turn, irked the Old Guard organization that was backing Vice President Charles Curtis of Kansas, and Hurley was denied a place on the state delegation to the Kansas City convention. But Pat went regardless. Hoover took a liking to him, and after the election offered him his choice of three sub-Cabinet posts. Nine months after accepting the Assistant Secretaryship of War, Secretary Good died and Pat moved up.

Eventually, Hurley became Hoover's spokesman, or, as Senator Carter Glass put it, "Hoover's trumpeteer." He was ideally suited to defend his chief, for he was a master of repartee. One day an opponent sarcastically admitted that Hurley could drive a

mule though he himself could not. Hurley bitingly replied that the only indispensable requirement for driving a mule was to have a shade more sense than the mule. "But I admire my friend and hope he doesn't quit trying," Pat added. "Some day he may succeed."

Looking back over his Cabinet years, Hurley is proudest of his sponsorship of MacArthur for chief of staff. He jumped MacArthur over the heads of older men to make him the youngest officer ever to hold the post. He is proud, also, of his chairmanship of the now-forgotten War Policies Commission, set up to plan for mobilization. Though these plans were largely ignored with the outbreak of the present war, Hurley never peeped a word of criticism. "I don't want to be a back-seat driver," he said.

Recalling his vicious criticism of Franklin D. Roosevelt during the 1932 campaign and later, Hurley's old Republican buddies can't understand how he could forget a grudge to serve his country. Pat explains by referring again to his conversation with

the President that January afternoon when he told the Bunyan-like yarn about the narrow canyon back in New Mexico. Roosevelt took frank cognizance of their past differences, but then asked if he recalled a passage from a certain speech Hurley had made before the American Legion Convention in Portland in 1932. In that speech, Hurley was defending ouster of the bonus marchers, arguing that the bonus march was a threat to established government and therefore should not be treated as a partisan issue.

The President quoted the passage, trying to ape some of Pat's eloquence on that occasion:

"I see before me today the faces of many of my colleagues who faced the red and roaring Hindenburg Line fifteen years ago," Hurley told the Legionnaires. "As we faced that red and roaring hell, none of us stopped to ask the man at our elbow whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. We just naturally assumed that he was a little better than either. He was an American."



Learning

LEARNING is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is farthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is, of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that, having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainty, difficulties, and contradictions.

— WILLIAM HAZLITT

► *Espionage de luxe through control of foreign funds.*

THE TREASURY TRAPS SPIES

BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

ON the morning of June 17, 1941, Wilbur Keegan, attorney, guiding genius of the German American Bund and its Nazi propaganda organ, *The Free American*, arrived at his office in Yorkville, Manhattan, to be greeted by two stunning communications.

One was a letter from his bank stating that by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, *The Free American's* bank account had been blocked. The second was a copy of a Presidential Order prohibiting *The Free American* from doing any further business without first giving the Treasury full information about all its activities.

"They can't do this to us," boomed Mr. Keegan truculently. "We're American citizens. America is not at war."

A few hasty telephone calls revealed that not only was *The Free American's* bank account useless, but every other source of Nazi money Mr. Keegan could find seemed to be tied up in the same manner. On the spot, along with the Bund's weekly paper, was the Bund itself, the German-American Vocational League, the American Com-

mittee for German Relief, the D.A.B. Recreation Resort, Inc., and dozens of lesser fry in other cities.

"Persecution!" shrieked the Bund, "An American Gestapo!"

But the Treasury called it Foreign Funds Control. Set up long before Pearl Harbor, the creation of this machinery has turned out to be one of the wisest acts of the war. Its domestic job alone—preventing subversive enemy action—has more than justified its payroll of two to three million dollars a year.

In World War I, German agents all over the United States did highly successful subversive work, culminating in the terrible Black Tom explosion. But this time there has been an almost complete lack of sabotage, and successful espionage has been reduced to a minimum. The reason is that, since June 1941, Foreign Funds Control has been taking the enemy agent's money away from him, seizing his paymasters, and shutting off his funds from abroad. Spy rings cannot operate without cash.

The Treasury's measures have been so effective that the saboteurs who

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landed by submarine on Long Island were forced to bring their money with them — \$177,000 in \$50 bills, of which \$172,000 now reposes in Washington. Herbert Karl Friedrich Bahr, Nazi-trained agent seized in New York, had only \$4000 brought from Berlin, cached in a cigar box.

Even as long ago as 1940, when Hitler overran Norway and the Low Countries, the Treasury was on the alert. Washington feared that cabled requests from occupied countries for transfer of securities or cash held here were being made under duress, and that American banks and brokerage houses who complied would later be held responsible. So the Treasury “froze” all such transactions, except under license, and granted a license only when it had all the facts.

II

By June 1941, however, Axis subversive activities were reaching alarming proportions. A new and aggressive weapon was needed. The answer was the Executive Order of June 14, 1941.

By its terms, all European citizens and concerns were “frozen” and no business transaction whatever was allowed them except by Treasury license. For good measure, all Japanese and, for their own protection, Chinese citizens and concerns were included. All were required to report to the Treasury and get its approval before acting.

For not reporting, the penalty was a prison sentence or \$10,000 fine. And

at the end of the regulations there was a brief, clinching paragraph: “(4) Or any other person who there is reason to believe . . .”! This meant that any American citizen suspected of acting as an enemy agent could be made liable to the Order’s requirements until he was proved innocent. It covered Wilbur Keegan and the *Nazi Free American*.

Under this system enemy suspects, unable to use their own bank accounts, had to come to you simply in order to eat. When they came, they had to state all the facts about themselves, without knowing how much you already knew. If they made the slightest false statement anywhere along the line, they were entangled at once.

Available to the Treasury was its own Secret Service, the Coast Guard, the Internal Revenue Service, the Customs and the Federal Reserve banks — and the 15,000 commercial banks which could be enlisted under the Federal Reserve’s direction. In addition the Treasury had the aid of Military Intelligence, the Department of Justice, the British Censorship, every American embassy and consulate and the FBI.

By nightfall on June 14, 1941, a torrent of license applications, information, property statements was pouring into the offices of Foreign Funds Control in Washington. Affected also was every American enterprise which owed anyone in these countries, or over which any form of foreign control or influence could be exerted.

Seven billion dollars in assets were involved. To protect the innocent, over 400,000 temporary licenses were granted.

The biggest fly entangled in the web was General Aniline and Film, a multi-million dollar American company with dye works in New Jersey and New York. It possessed several American subsidiaries, notably Agfa Ansco of Binghamton, N. Y. General Aniline was — according to its officers, American citizens — completely free of foreign control. Nevertheless, it had been on our suspect list since June 11, 1940. On that date a New York bank asked for a license to hand over to a new purchaser in Switzerland a large block of the company's stock previously held by the bank for a Dutch company. The application stated that the sale had taken place the previous September. Holland had been overthrown in the meantime, and the Treasury asked General Aniline questions:

What had caused such unusual delay in transferring the shares? Who owned the Dutch company? Who owned the Swiss purchaser?

Simple questions, easily answered by General Aniline: Nothing was known of the Dutch company; Swiss banking law prevented them from getting information about the Swiss purchaser; previous letters about the sale had been lost in transit.

Investigation of the bank, however, showed that it had received its instructions not by mail but in a personal note delivered by a Dr. Duis-

berg, a New York patent attorney, who had received the note from a Swiss banking house. Dr. Duisberg proved to be the son of the leading chemist of Germany's great chemical trust, I. G. Farben. And the president of General Aniline, though also an American citizen, was the younger brother of Geheimrat Herman Schmitz, head of I. G. Farben.

Further investigation brought more facts to light. Despite the claimed sales, dividends had continued to be paid to the former Dutch owner. Also, reports from Wall Street indicated that at the time of General Aniline's incorporation, I. G. Farben had been a buyer of its foreign shares through a Swiss banking firm.

What was more, delay by the Treasury seemed to cause the blood pressure of General Aniline's officers to rise to unprecedented heights. So vital was it, apparently, for the whole matter to be expedited without any delay that company officials and their lawyers immediately descended on Washington. The purchaser demanded that the Swiss Minister in Washington intervene. The Minister did. His government, it seemed, had sent him a statement that the Swiss purchaser was clearly Swiss controlled.

But still the Treasury delayed.

III

On the night of December 11, 1941, a picked Treasury crew boarded the night plane from Washington to New York. Hundreds of Foreign Funds

Control men were setting out that night on similar errands all over the United States. Pearl Harbor still smoked. But the duty of this particular crew was to take charge of General Aniline as Probable Enemy No. 1.

The months of investigation had yielded startling information. Secret advices from Switzerland stated that the directors of the Swiss purchaser were straight Nazi cloaks, that those in control at General Aniline knew it and were themselves German agents. From London the British stated, and the Commissioner for the Netherlands Indies confirmed, that I. G. Farben had been a Nazi tool since 1936; that it had established a hidden world-wide chemical empire by purchasing control of apparently independent companies in other countries; and that these subsidiaries were being increasingly geared to espionage.

In the General Aniline offices in New York, the Treasury chief examined the employment contracts. All called for vacations in Germany. Hundreds of German citizens were employed in the various plants. The Albany plant swarmed with Bund members. Scores of minor employes, doing obscure jobs, had been hired on the recommendation of Nazi agencies in New York and Berlin. The foreman of the New Jersey plant was himself Eastern Gauleiter for the Bund. In all the subsidiaries were German technicians and chemists who, the company's executives swore, were absolutely necessary to the life of the business. The profits of the concern

ran into the millions. Book assets showed \$66,000,000.

What was even more disturbing, the records showed that the firm's orders included jobs for the navy yards and air fields and every type of confidential contract. Blueprints and films were part of the concern's business. Enough confidential information to engineer another Pearl Harbor catastrophe was available.

That same week, another Treasury crew seized and padlocked another concern, the Chemnyco corporation. Their records revealed the existence of an I. G. Farben Committee of Political and Economic Information, associated with the Nazi government and with headquarters in Berlin.

Chemnyco files showed that for years full information on America's war plants, inventions, production and raw materials had been reaching this Berlin headquarters. Weekly reports had been forwarded, costing as high as \$240,000 annually, based not only on personal observations but on comprehensive digests of technical journals and information services.

Destroyed records and correspondence prevented the Treasury agents from reconstructing the full picture, but enough remained to show the immense scope of the interrupted job. Still in the offices were maps of railways, highways, mineral industries, oil basins and pipe lines, oil tanker routes, electrical transmission lines, topographical maps of the American shoreline and harbors, and a map of the "West India Islands and the

Approaches "to the Panama Canal."

Chemnyco held more than 3000 I. G. Farben patents on various chemical processes, and the lists of their American users included hundreds of our larger industrial plants. Because of the resultant relationships, over a period of years Chemnyco had gained access for hundreds of Nazi executives, chemists, officers and officials to the leading factories of the United States — from aluminum and rubber to gasoline and aircraft. Even as late as 1939, when the Luftwaffe already was overwhelming Poland, Claude Dornier, son of Germany's foremost airplane designer, had been thus introduced into airplane plants on the Pacific Coast.

Included in the Treasury haul at Chemnyco was the diary of a former Chemnyco attorney. Here, page by page, were intimate notes on the discussions in Germany proposing that a company such as General Aniline be formed in America, and that \$10,000,000 worth of its stock be purchased for control by I. G. Farben through a Swiss concern.

And D. A. Schmitz, until recently head of General Aniline, had formerly been Chemnyco's president!

Obviously, stock control of General Aniline had for years been held for I. G. Farben through obscure Dutch and Swiss cloaks. Their nominees in control at General Aniline, Germans at heart, with German ties and fidelities, had in 1940 done their best to circumvent the freezing of Dutch securities by a fake sale, pre-dated,

from the Dutch cloak to the Swiss one. Thus neutral Swiss ownership could be claimed, and a million and a half shares of General Aniline sold back to the faithful German officers in America. I. G. Farben would thus be armed with American cash and General Aniline would become uncontestedly an American company, perfectly set up as a spy and sabotage empire.

The next break came quickly. A former confidential secretary of General Aniline confessed. He personally had been ordered to destroy the records. General Aniline was an I. G. Farben concern — lock, stock and barrel — and all its related subsidiaries. The stock shuffling had been the smallest part of the plot. Not only had weekly reports to Germany been part of General Aniline's espionage service since 1936, but these reports were still going to Berlin by circuitous routes.

The reports included films of secret military equipment, blueprints and microfilms, as well as reports on production and designs of United States battleships. Agfa Ansco, one of the subsidiaries, sold movie films under an agreement to develop them for all customers. Since users included the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps and Agfa received their films for developing in advance of official censorship, it could easily supply extra copies for Berlin.

Moreover, through General Aniline's patented Ozalid process for reproduction of blueprints and drawings,

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Animal Secrets

HENRI FABRE, that reverent and patient scrutinizer of wasps, trees, bees, soils and many another ingredient of the close-to-home outdoors, once said something to the effect that the life of nature contains such unfathomable secrets that human archives will have vanished from the earth before we have learned wholly

to understand the ways of even the commonest gnat.

It is a feeling that every naturalist must share. Merely to observe and to describe with completeness the behaviors of our non-human fellows on this planet is a task to take centuries if not millenniums. There are certainly a hundred things that a chipmunk



Rat

Frank Utpatel

may do which have never yet been observed or noted in the texts. The fattest monograph on the humble toad that lives under a rural doorstep omits uncountable toad-ways . . . omits them because a toad, like every other being under the sun, does not make known a moiety of its secrets until thousands of eyes have patiently and shrewdly watched for thousands of hours. Further, no two toads are identical. A toad is not, as a certain easy and shallow philosophy would have it, an altogether predictable machine. At any moment some particular toad, in unprecedented circumstances or under the influence of a previously unexperienced combination of factors, may do what no toad on earth has ever done before. A toad is, if one insists on thinking in such terms, a machine; but it is a *living* machine, which is to say that it is a being fluid, plastic, and malleable; and the outline of its life-pattern, though there be a rigidity of instinct at the heart of it, wavers and changes in response to the flux of circumstance even as the physical outline of an amœba shifts and alters and defies delineation in static terms. A toad is not a machine made of iron. It is a machine made of protoplasm. And protoplasm partakes of the nature of life itself, quivering and incalculable.

No, we shall never finish describing the behaviors of toads. Or of gnats or wasps, or fish or foxes, or any other animal. We can recount, true, a general life-story of any creature, in terms of its usual round of behaviors,

to which it is impelled by the thrust and drive of instinct. We can say that processional caterpillars will follow one another in a procession. It is their instinct to do so. We can say that a robin flies south in October, and that a wren nests in a cavity, and that a skunk emits a stench when molested. Then, when we have said all this, describing the animals as sweetly precise turbines driven by an inner and iron compulsion of routine, we have to deal with the robins that do *not* fly south in autumn but elect — why? — to spend the winter in the frozen and perilous north; and we are confronted by a particular wren that in a particular season — why? — builds not in a cavity but makes a great loose nest of twigs in the top of a horse chestnut tree; and there comes a day when we find a skunk with his head stuck in a fruit jar, and we yank and tug and nearly murder the poor devil in trying to free him, and he responds to our samaritanism — how understood? — by not emitting any stench.

We encounter a fascinating and inexhaustible matter: the flexible genius of the wild. By what percipiences do animals perform the extra-instinctive acts they do? How are they guided, instructed and informed, in their responses to the events of natural environment? What goes on in these furry skulls, in these intricate nervous systems inside chitinous casings, in these “bird-brained” heads that are yet sometimes so fathomlessly wise? We may say, in our complacent way, that it is “instinct” when a mother

squirrel carries her babies expertly by the napes of their necks. But what senses are at work when, accurately anticipating a hurricane, she moves all her babies from one tree to another tree that she "knows" is stronger? What is going on in the cells of the bees, that they tell time better than a watch? There is a knowing in animals that is older than mind: a knowing compounded of sensings, perceptions, "feelings," awarenesses and insights that are not rational but intuitional. Ourselves deifiers of the intellectual, the logical, we may easily fall into the error of attributing these qualities to fox-wisdom, rabbit-cunning, and the wild wit of a squirrel. But even if we take care to remember that the psychic life of animals is otherwise constituted, we are not going to be able to say, all in a minute, what does in truth go on behind the mild brown eyes of a deer.

Fabre was right. There is a lore which baffles us in even the performance of a woodchuck on my lawn last summer. Known only to God is what took place — if anything did — in the skull of a certain rat in my woodshed.

II

The woodchuck had made a vast burrow under a syringa that I prize. Let woodchucks abound by the dozens, if they like, in the overgrown fields of this farm, and let them do what they will on its stony hillsides. But the small patch of lawn I retain as my own, being entitled, as I feel, to as

large a private territory, proportionately, as any other animal. So I trundled a barrow of rocks to the woodchuck's burrow and dumped them in. I tamped them tight with an axe-handle. That would discourage him.

In the morning the burrow was open as usual. All the barrow-load of stones had disappeared. The chuck sat at his den entrance, grooming his fur and blinking placidly in the sun.

A naturalist may not be sentimental. I gathered a basket of broken glass, carted it to the burrow, and poured it in. Again I tamped it tight. A woodchuck's paws, after all, are no match for broken glass. A few cuts on the paws, and my tenant must go elsewhere.

The next morning the burrow was open as usual. There was no broken glass. There was no sign of disturbance. There was only the woodchuck, unscratched and placid, sitting by the mouth of the burrow and pulling up tufts of my grass.

My final effort at repulsion was on so gigantic a scale as to make me feel something of a fool. But a man does not like to be defeated by a mindless marmot no bigger than his boot. This time I broke up a whole barrow-load of old bottles. I broke them with evil cunning, to make jagged butts and razory slivers. I put them into the burrow carefully: jagged butts facing inward, interstices packed with slivers and needles of glass. At least a yard of the tunnel was jammed with the hideous stuff, rammed tight with an axe-handle. Finally, as a last savage insur-

ance, I stuffed a fat ball of barbed wire into the den's orifice, piled rocks on top of that, and then laid upon the whole monstrous concoction a flat boulder which it hurt my back to lift.

As will have been guessed, the woodchuck burrow was open the next morning. The barrow-load of broken bottles was gone; the barbed wire was gone; the rocks and the large flat boulder were gone. The woodchuck, neat and unwearied, was chewing off my phlox-tops.

The tale is perhaps not spectacular. But it makes plain that the lores of a woodchuck are such as we cannot dream. A man — equipped with nimble hands bearing opposable thumbs, and wearing heavy leather gloves — could scarcely have picked and clawed and felt his way through that devilish barrier, much less removed a boulder ten times his weight. The woodchuck, scatheless, had done all that over night. By what cunning? With what species of singular skill, what subtle tactile senses, what delicate ingenuity? And why do it at all, instead of just digging a new burrow-exit? The question is a small and homely one. The wilderness poses a thousand such.

The episode of the rat may mean much or nothing. But it gave me a curious feeling: a feeling something like what we experience when we see a cat, for instance, staring with taut intensity at nothing . . . or at what seems to be nothing. But how do we know what a cat can see? What do we know of the cognitions in that perked skull? We do not know what a

rat may have in mind.

For three months I had kept the big wire trap baited for this rat in my woodshed — the kind of trap that catches the rat alive. I had baited it with cheese, bacon, bread, suet, nuts, crackers, beef. The rat refused to enter it, or even to attempt to paw out the bait between the wires. He was an old rat, scarred, scaly-tailed, full of the craft that comes from a long lifetime of surviving against the will of humanity. For three months he pattered and gnawed in the woodshed, fouling and destroying, and ignoring the trap. Clearly, I must take other measures. I removed the bait from the trap, scalded the trap on general principles, and put it away on a shelf in the woodshed. I bought a tube of that dreadful and deadly poison, phosphorus, which is to be smeared on bits of bread, and disguised with flour and sugar, and placed casually for rats' consumption. It is an evil death to inflict. But a man must fight however he can against the enemies of his house.

The rat ate the poisoned bread, I think, within an hour of my placing it on the woodshed floor; for I did so at ten o'clock at night, and by midnight the sounds of his usual scrabbling had abruptly ceased. I felt a wretchedness over what I had had to do. In the morning I went out to the woodshed. It was some time before I could find the rat. With poison eating his vitals, he had clambered up the wall to the high shelf, pushed open the treadle of the unbaited wire trap lying there, and crawled inside the trap and died.

PROPHECY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE men who have seen God
And the women of glory
Are coming again.

The long days of blood and thunder
And the longer nights of despair
Will vanish suddenly,
Like barely remembered evil dreams.
And with them will go
The thin, winding, crooked line
Of the small, diseased and treacherous —
The dictators, schemers, word-jugglers and money-changers.

The sun and the moon and the sky
In all their majestic seasons,
And the earth in its bounteous splendor and tenderness
Will once more give true direction,
And the men who have seen God
And the women of glory
Will come again.

They will bear songs
And magic words
And thoughts that circle all the planets and beyond,
Giving strength and liberation
To the highest and lowliest,
Making them equal in wonderment
At the ineffably sacred
In the heart of the Infinite.

The time is soon.
The men who have seen God
And the women of glory
Are coming again.

THE LIBRARY

The Future and American Foreign Policy

BY JOHN LAND

THE American mind in the mass is ingeniously mechanical, but not notably realistic. It can design, make and operate the most delicate and durable precision instruments, but except for a handful of Founding Fathers, who were after all mature men before they ceased to be British subjects, politics in this Republic have seldom been more than parochial.

Perhaps that explains how it happens that though President Roosevelt recognized Russia after one of his fireside chats with Maxim Litvinov, most Americans did not recognize Russia until the Red Army began to push back the Reichswehr. And yet that nation has been the great underlying fact in world politics since 1917. It is not too much to say that it has been the decisive influence in every important international development of the last twenty-seven years. Even when sternly averting their eyes from the East, European statesmen have been conscious of the onward creep of the Russian icecap in the same way that, even in their sleep, Swiss villagers listen for the snap and crackle that means an avalanche.

In different ways the fact of Russia dominates two of the most timely

recent books — Joseph M. Jones' *A Modern Foreign Policy for the United States*¹ and Carl L. Becker's *How New Will the Better World Be?*²

If there is one agency of the United States Government that has a precise, factual and even statistical knowledge of Russia's multiplex political activities in all parts of the world, including North America, it is the State Department. Secretary Hull was no doubt gratified by his reception in Moscow, but there is no evidence that he was fooled by it. Nor does anything that the Department has done or left undone suggest that it does not have a knowing grasp of Russia's postwar plans. Thus its tactful but firm refusal to let Bolshevism migrate into Italy and France, as a stowaway of the Allied politics of liberation, has made the State Department a target for covert and overt communists. It must have been icily clear for some time in the Kremlin that the American State Department, as at present constituted, must go.

One of the most formidable contributions to this changing of the

¹\$1.35. Macmillan.

²\$2.50. Knopf.

guard on Pennsylvania Avenue has been made by a young man who knows very little about communism. Joseph M. Jones is a soft-spoken Texan who was formerly one of the bright young men around Leo Pasvolksy, now special assistant to the Secretary of State. Mr. Jones' attack is effective because like himself it is soft-spoken, plausible, highly literate, and, since written by an insider (he was a member of the Department for six years), it avoids the obvious *PM* crudities of books like Robert Bendiner's *The Riddle of the State Department*.

"The wreckage of United States foreign policy," says Mr. Jones, spitting on his hands and preparing to add to the wreckage, "is clearly so extensive that we can with greater economy discuss the subject of a modern foreign policy in a wholly new framework." He rests this framework upon a catalogue of assumptions "which must be agreed to so widely as to place it beyond the vagaries of partisan politics," namely —

That peace is not the special gift of Providence or geography to the American people but a precarious state. . . .

That no country in the world, no matter how great, is able singlehandedly to ensure its security from attack;

That no country but the United States is equal to the task of leadership in organizing world power for peace keeping purposes; and

That the job of preventing major world war requires continuous risk of American money, privilege, and lives — risk that may be substantial in terms of absolute peace but inconsequential compared with the risk of major world war.

Taking these "truths" to be self-evident, Mr. Jones advances four major requirements for a reconditioned American policy:

The first major requirement of a modern American policy is that it shall perpetuate after the war the close association of the four major United Nations — the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China — as a nucleus of world order, strong and above challenge.

The second important requirement of American foreign policy is that it shall be based upon, protect, and extend the principle of freedom in the world.

The third essential requirement of American foreign policy is that it shall make adequate provision for international control over civil and military air power everywhere in the world; and for placing at the disposal of a United Nations organization a sufficient margin of air power to deal efficiently and effectively with aggression or threat of aggression anywhere in the world.

The fourth major requirement of American foreign policy is that it shall promote, wherever in the world it is desired, steady expansion of economic activity, a rising standard of public education, health and nutrition as indispensable to democracy and peace.

Clearly this is a revolutionary foreign policy. And clearly the State Department, as at present staffed, is not the organization most likely to avail itself of this "framework." Nor does Mr. Jones have any illusions about that. In the liveliest sections of his book he makes some specific suggestions for raising the State Department roof, redoing the offices and also the officials. In the process he names some names — always with the suavity of a former professional diplomat.

Less personal, but even more alarming to the custodians of any country's foreign policy, must be his proposal for "democratization" of the State Department. By this he means a frequent public airing of the Department's policy in the press and frequent confrontations of the Secretary of State and Congress. It is easy to see how this "democratization" would benefit foreign governments. How it would benefit a Department much of whose strength is in direct ratio to its ability to keep secrets is difficult, despite Mr. Jones' explanation, to see.

Mr. Jones and his little book are not to be taken too lightly. They are the courteous precursors of many ruder blows still to come. There is one of Mr. Jones' assumptions which must be looked at unblinkingly, for on its truth or falsity all the rest of his "framework" hinges. This is the fact of Russia. Suppose Russia does not choose to be one of the Big Four? Suppose it does not share our enthusiasm for "the principle of freedom"? "Suppose," as Grandfather says in Russia's allegorical *Peter and the Wolf*, "suppose that Peter had *not* caught the wolf — what then?" This is a terrifying question because it would seem, from his incidental comments on the subject, that Mr. Jones has not even a dim idea of what the Russian wolf looks like. There is consequently the hazard that in the interests of "a modern American foreign policy" he is quite capable of mistaking Joseph Stalin for his political grandmother.

II

Unlike Mr. Jones, Carl L. Becker, professor emeritus of history at Cornell, has few illusions about anything. In an era of political soft-thinking, his book is almost incredibly hard-headed. To his title's rhetorical question — *How New Will the Better World Be?* — he answers: Scarcely new at all. His answer is made in a series of eight other questions. They form a simple, instructive primer in which a really intelligent liberal explains how the world got into its present mess, and how, after enough corpses have been laid down to bridge the bog, the survivors may crawl across to a more stable (or less unstable) social order.

Professor Becker's first two chapters are chiefly a political and economic *aide memoire*. "What Is Wrong with the Modern World?" is a simple analysis of the causes of modern wars, economic crises and unemployment. The answer to "Can We Return to Normalcy?" is in the negative. This chapter traces the futile efforts of Americans after each of their big wars to recapture the decreasingly good times that war always destroys forever. "Can We Abate Nationalism and Curb the Sovereign State?" sunders tough-minded Professor Becker irreconcilably from those exponents of internationalism who would like the United States to turn in its national sovereignty to some kind of superstate in exchange for some kind of political rain-check. The professor is not worried on this score:

After the war is over, nationalism, whatever its defects, will remain for any foreseeable future what it has been for a long time past — the strongest political force in the modern world; and this force will be exerted in the form of many sovereign independent states. The sentiment cannot be abated or the power curbed except that the people of any country can, if they have sufficient intelligence and moral sense, use the power for purposes more enlightened and more desirable because they take into account the rights and interests of other nations.

His answer to "Can We Abolish Power Politics and End Imperialism?" is just as firmly rooted in reality. Professor Becker observes:

Political power exists in the world and will be used by those who have it — for good ends we hope, but at all events for some ends. In this very real sense all politics is power politics, and every accession of power redresses the balance in somebody's favor or to somebody's loss. The fact stands out before our eyes, grim and inescapable, as the controlling fact of our time — the fact that the present war is a manifestation of power politics on the grandest scale ever seen, and that the primary purpose of the United Nations in this game of power politics is to redress the balance of power against Germany and Japan and in their own favor.

More shocking, if possible, is the imperturbable author's view of imperialism:

Let us not be hypnotized and befuddled by words. Let us say that Great Britain, Russia, China and the United States are great imperial states, since that is what in fact they are. Let us admit, if it eases anyone's conscience, that they are "imperialistic" states. But let us place first things first, and judge imperial or imperialistic states by their works. It will then be seen that the imperialism which should now

chiefly concern us is the imperialism of Germany and Japan.

We can all agree that the immediate aim of the present war is to destroy them; and the simple fact is that if we are now in a position to destroy them it is because after the collapse of France the British Empire as now constituted was there, with its solid power, to carry on for twelve months single-handed a tenacious and successful resistance without which Hitler would have long since won the war. The present moment is indeed a singularly inopportune one for the people of the United States, who cannot even repeal a poll tax designed to deprive Negroes of their rights as citizens, to cherish tender scruples about the purity of British imperialism.

Professor Becker does not believe that even the most fuddled flurry of good will would necessarily cause the imperialist powers to withdraw from their Asiatic and African colonies — or even that most of the peoples in those areas would welcome such withdrawal. But if that is true, the question that has bedevilled more than one puzzled participant in this war pops up again: "What Are We Fighting For?" The author writes:

The term "status quo," like the terms "power politics" and "imperialism," is now in ill repute. I get the impression from what I hear in certain circles and read in certain books and journals, that to say a good word for the status quo is equivalent to betraying the New Deal or giving aid and comfort to Mr. Hoover. . . . I have even heard in conversation and read in print the statement that if the war does no more than preserve the status quo it will have been fought in vain.

I confess I do not understand what this statement, taken at its face value, can possibly mean. It seems to me equivalent to saying that the owner of a solid but

somewhat run-down old house, finding the house in flames and laboring desperately to put out the fire, will have labored in vain if he does nothing more than to preserve the structure, with its outmoded plumbing and heating system, as a possible habitation. He has at least saved the house and can go on living in it; whether he thoroughly repairs it and puts in up-to-date plumbing or not, he has at least preserved the better part of what he had, which was a sensible thing to do and the primary purpose of all his effort. . . .

The primary purpose of this war, unless I am greatly mistaken, is to preserve the status quo in its fundamentals, even if that involves preserving its superficial defects. We are certainly (everyone says so) fighting to preserve our American way of life.

For it is only by preserving the status quo that we can ever hope to achieve a better world. "The new and better world, which we should certainly all work for," Professor Becker writes, "must be firmly grounded on the old. It cannot by any miracle or magic be created all at once." The twin problems that will beset it are the problems that occupied Professor Becker in his first chapter and have disrupted civilization for almost a hundred years — unemployment and war — or to put it in positive terms, social security and peace. They are related problems, he warns, and the answer to both is some measure of collectivism. "By collectivism," he hastens to add, "I mean no more than the governmental control of the economic life of a community." That, of course, is all that anybody feared he meant. And for people who have lived under "no

more than governmental control" that is enough.

But choices are limited and he warns that they include communism, fascism and mild collectivism. Professor Becker would like to see the "private-profit motive" combined with a desire to promote the general welfare. He doubts that it ever will be. More important, he does not foresee "any situation that will provide business enterprise an opportunity for adequate and indefinite expansion." And he adds:

Failing such opportunity for expansion, we shall no doubt be forced to return to the policies and limited successes of the prewar New Deal — mistaking symptoms for causes, attempting to abolish business stagnation and unemployment by giving subsidies to business men and relief checks to the unemployed. The chief difference is likely to be that the subsidies will have to be larger and the relief checks more numerous.

It is a grim outlook. But Professor Becker's realism forces him to an even grimmer conclusion if by some miracle full employment and full production could be achieved. That miracle would consist of an international political order which would ensure an international economic order to absorb full employment's full production. And there the hard-headed Professor Becker marches bravely out upon the darkling plain on which looms the fact of Russia. No international economic order is imaginable without Russia and therefore without raising the spectre of totalitarianism on a global scale.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE POLISH QUESTION

SIR: The long and extremely anti-Stalin article to the fore in *THE MERCURY* of March 1944 has made me more than ever disgusted with these disgruntled Poles who from the safety accorded them in London persist with the aid of such people as Mr. Chamberlin in their efforts to divide the Allies. It seems obvious to me that any restoration of territory that Poland gets will be due to the enormous efforts and heroic sacrifices of the Russians. Therefore it seems to me in very bad taste, to put it mildly, for friends of Poland to stir up strife over the boundary of a territory Russia is to free for her.

Russia knows from past experience (remember Litvinov's efforts at Geneva) that if anyone is to save Europe, twenty years from now, from a third German war, she will have to do it. And in my judgment she owes it to herself and also to war-torn Europe to make that task as simple and safe as possible.

Mr. Chamberlin's criticisms of numerous liberal papers show his fascist leanings and so of course his anti-Stalin bias. But to publicize them so prominently just now when we need Russia's full cooperation with our war effort seems to me unwise and unpatriotic. If the United States and England should champion the Poles, as apparently Mr. Chamberlin would have us do, we might well expect Russia to say after clearing out the Germans from her territory: "All right, go ahead, you free your dear Poles. They'll thank you by stirring up more trouble over Teschen or the Polish Corridor. They'll even want you to annex for them all the Ukraine because they have had a few Ukrainians within their borders!"

HERBERT LEE

*Santa Cruz,
California.*

SIR: I welcome the opportunity to discuss some of the strange assertions and stranger assumptions in Mr. Lee's letter.

(1) The author apparently assumes that the Soviet Union has a right to annex any territory its armies may occupy in the course of hostilities. Does he also believe that the United States and Great Britain possess the right to annex North Africa and Sicily and Southern Italy and to partition France between them if that country is freed from the Nazis by an Anglo-American invasion? The war is a common enterprise. The Soviet armies would probably not be where they are now if it had not been for Anglo-American air attacks on Germany and lavish lend-lease aid. The obligation to renounce territorial aggrandizement is equally binding for all the United Nations.

(2) Europe would certainly be in a sorry plight, judging from past experience, if it had to rely on Stalin to save it from new German aggression. Has Mr. Lee forgotten so soon that in 1939, 1940, 1941 Stalin did not lift a finger against the Nazi menace and only entered the war when Hitler gave him no alternative?

(3) Very curious and highly debatable is Mr. Lee's dogmatic assumption that the Soviet Union could safely quit the war against Nazi Germany after its immediate territorial ambitions are satisfied. Which country would be more exposed to the attack of an unbeaten Nazi militarist Germany: the United States, now protected by the largest navy and air force in the world, or the Soviet Union?

If it is a sign of "fascist leanings" to point out demonstrable factual errors about Soviet-Polish relations which have appeared in the *Nation*, in the *New Republic* and in other publications, I suppose I must plead guilty to the charge. What a typical stock defamatory phrase it is for a communist, fellow-traveler or totalitarian liberal to apply to anyone with whom he disagrees!

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

*Cambridge,
Massachusetts.*

THE GERMAN WOMAN

SIR: I wish to make a few comments regarding Mr. Albert A. Brandt's Clinical Note (in the March issue) about that "unique and subtle problem," the *German Woman*. Having been an exile for eleven years, I do not, out of my own experience, know how deeply the Nazi doctrines about sexual life have entered the young girls' and women's personalities. I assume, in agreement with Mr. Brandt, that a good deal of damage has been done. Judging from experience, however, I believe that things will straighten out in a relatively short time, in a much shorter time, at least, than Mr. Brandt seems to think. The human soul is very resilient and adaptable, and the more so the younger the individual is.

It is a well-known fact that wars, as well as other catastrophes, to a certain degree destroy moral resistance. If I am to believe American newspapers and magazines, this is true even in this country, the population of which has experienced nothing even faintly comparable to the disasters that have befallen Europe's peoples, Allied as well as Axis.

I seriously question Mr. Brandt's picture of German womanhood between the two wars. It is untrue that "ever since the last war, circumstances have compelled increasing numbers of German women to professionalize their sex life." The rate of prostitution slowly decreased as soon as some kind of economic normality was established. It is quite true that during the years of inflation many girls and women had to sell themselves in order to continue their own or their families' existence. But even so, the situation must have looked darker to a foreigner than to a German. We Germans had nothing or little to offer, being poor ourselves, but foreigners in Germany, with their money of high value, had as many girls as they wanted.

As soon as some kind of stability returned, however, prostitution faded markedly. The reason for this should not be sought in economic causes only. It is also to be found (and probably more so) in the changed attitude to sexual life, one that sanctioned a man-woman relationship outside matrimony for purely sexual services. What happened after World War I was actually a very cleansing and healthy process. The new freedom brought about a new kind of natural

relation between the sexes; the young man had his girl friend, the girl her boy friend, and the relationship arising was as sound and pure as matrimony. They were *human* relations, very personal and serious alliances. Many of them ripened into wedlock, but not, by all means, all of them. It is true, that in Germany people are not so eager to marry as in some other countries; marriage is often entered only after years in which two people have lived together and learned to know each other very well.

The "free unions" were on the whole more stable than the average marriage. Adultery was infrequent, much rarer than in the world of officially married people. This state of things did more to make prostitution dwindle than anything else. It just was no longer alluring enough, or at least, not more alluring than the possibility of living with a partner in sexual as well as spiritual union and sharing with him common interests. In small towns, of course, prostitution never had a foothold at all, before or after World War I. In cities, even in Berlin, prostitution more and more vanished from the picture. I speak from personal observation over a long period of years.

MAX BARTH

New York City.

GENERAL MACARTHUR

SIR: Inasmuch as I am the first biographer of General Douglas MacArthur, and was mentioned by your writer in the article on MacArthur in the January AMERICAN MERCURY, let me assure you that I cannot agree with the distinguished senators who are misinterpreting your comments.

Thank God, we live in a democracy where you have the right to present articles on both sides of every question. I consider the viewpoints expressed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY as fair and judicial expositions of debatable issues before the American people, even though I may disagree with your conclusions. There can be no "smear" campaign where honest opinions are discussed on their merits without rancor or assault.

My own convictions are sufficiently firm to allow me to give a fair hearing to the opposition. General MacArthur, as stated in my book, is a military genius — a man of strong character, high ideals, and statesmanlike qualities. With his world-vision and experience, his knowledge of

world affairs and his great abilities in organization, I believe him to be better qualified for leadership than any of the other candidates being mentioned for the Presidency by the Republican Party.

It is my further opinion, as a historian, that President Roosevelt is doing an epoch-making job in this world crisis. Under our form of Government with its quadrennial Presidential elections it is for the majority of the people to decide whether or not he is to be allowed to finish this great job. We should, therefore, take utmost precautions in providing for every possible emergency.

The Republican Party should nominate a man who through life-long experience in world affairs assures us a worthy successor to President Roosevelt, the Commander-in-Chief of our fighting forces in the world's greatest war, a man qualified in any emergency to meet the appalling problems of world reconstruction. General MacArthur

seems to be the only strong personality to whom we might turn in this crisis. Moreover, we would be assured a political campaign fought on the highest plane by two worthy adversaries and thus avoid the disheartening spectacle of a nation divided against itself while our boys are offering their lives on the battlefronts to give us peace and security at home.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER.

New York City.

MRS. ROOSEVELT

SIR: Virginia Pasley says that Eleanor Roosevelt is "your Aunt Ella to the millions." Aunt Ella, according to Miss Pasley, is a woman known to anybody who has lived in a small town, because Aunt Ella's cookie jar was always full and available to every kid in the neighborhood. I have lived in the same small town for sixty years and never have run across such an Aunt Ella. I have made inquiries of other old-timers. No one



*"Well, to begin with, there are two major parties,
Democratic and Republican. . . ."*

can remember such a woman. "Must have been before my time," said one who is going on eighty. "Your Aunt Ella to the millions" is, therefore, a conception of Eleanor Roosevelt founded on a myth. A good many of Miss Pasley's conclusions are based on equally mythical assumptions.

"To the worldly and sophisticate, to the 'in the know' who bore easily, Mrs. Roosevelt and her doings are insufferably tedious, irritating and sometimes comic." Mrs. Roosevelt and her doings impress us old-fashioned, small-town, small-income people in exactly the same way, even though we are not, so far as we know, "in the know," and find almost everything in life interesting, except Mrs. Roosevelt and her worldly, sophisticated family.

"It is obvious that the cosmopolite cannot be expected to appreciate the homespun qualities of a woman like Mrs. Roosevelt. The little people can, because in spite of the background of wealth and breeding Mrs. Roosevelt thinks and feels on their plane." Homespun! When is Eleanor Roosevelt home long enough to spin anything, even a homespun thought? Or to acquire any true knowledge of homespun qualities? Little people! Who are they? I weigh 115; I have a friend who weighs 240. Little or big, we feel the same about Mrs. Roosevelt. If by little Miss Pasley means those of us who have little money and whose lives are cast in quiet places, then we say to Miss Pasley that we think our background shows just as much in the way of breeding as that of Mrs. Roosevelt. And some of us think that in our small, unpretentious homes we have bred children with a finer sense for decency in human relationships than Eleanor Roosevelt has bred in the lap of luxury on her Hyde Park estate.

"Mrs. Roosevelt expresses herself in the same sort of platitudes and clichés that the little people do." By this statement Miss Pasley exhibits the same snobbish attitude toward us little people that Harry Hopkins does. So, in addition to being too damned dumb to understand, we talk in platitudes and clichés, do we? Did Miss Pasley ever read any of the stuff turned out by the sophisticates and cosmopolites, including her own article about Aunt Ella? Strange though it may seem to Miss Pasley, we little people manage to make time in our crowded days — or steal time from sleep — to read and to listen to the radio.

We even think for ourselves occasionally. If the sophisticates do that they are so secretive about it that we've never even suspected it. But even if in the hurry and stress of struggling for existence, we resort occasionally to platitudes in getting our meaning across, is that any reason why we should not resent the brazen fashion in which Mrs. Roosevelt is allowed to use radio time in saying absolutely nothing, and in getting more for fifteen minutes of such drivel than some of us or some of our husbands get for five or six months hard work?

"Her concern is with the practical . . . concrete, everyday things of life." Such as giving us a recipe for scrambled eggs calling for cream, when some of us can't afford cream even for coffee? Another of her "practical" suggestions for us little people — who do more work in a week than she does in a year — was to do away with a dining room. It would be better for us, she said, if we used the living room and the living room table for eating. That would mean that three times a day the housewife must shift books, magazines, etc., from the living room table to — where? Pile them on the floor? Or cart them out to the kitchen and put them in the sink, or on the kitchen range? And three times a day cart them back again? I am afraid that Eleanor never has seen a living room table with its assortment of articles pertaining to home industry, home recreation, not to mention the home work of school children. Her vision probably could not reach beyond the tables at Hyde Park or in the White House, kept immaculate by a staff of servants.

But why go on? The only people who fall for Eleanor Roosevelt are of the same three grades as those who fall for her husband: (1) Those who through the Roosevelts have got something for nothing and believe they are going to get a lot more, stolen from Peter to bribe Paul; (2) Those who believe in socialism, communism, fascism or any totalitarian form of government and think the Roosevelts are their best bet for obtaining what they desire; (3) Snobs. You can find them, alas, among the little people even as among the cosmopolites and social climbers.

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*Peace Dale,
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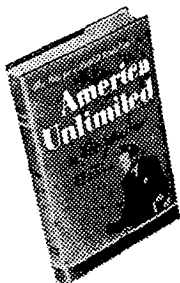
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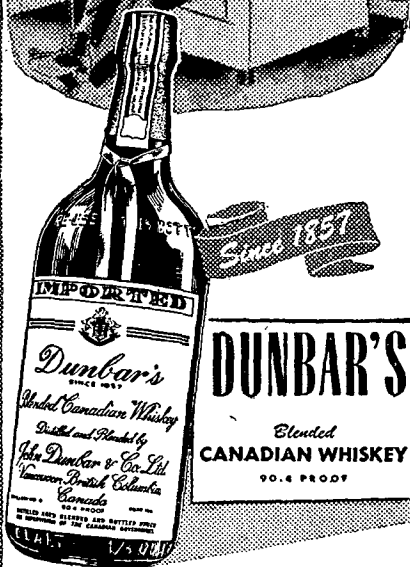
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(Continued from page 516)

THE ORIGIN AND FUNCTION OF CULTURE, by Géza Róheim. \$2.50. *Nervous and Mental Disease Monographs*. A profound study of the psychological forces in man that have given rise to civilization and culture. Dr. Róheim, internationally eminent as a psychoanalytic anthropologist, traces the origin of culture back to the prolonged infancy situation peculiarly characteristic of the human species. Because of its protracted helplessness, the child develops an enormous need for love, and this in turn gives rise to deep emotional anxieties that persist as unconscious phantasies. Civilization is man's complex efforts to quiet these unconscious anxieties, and the specific culture of any group, with its dominant ideals, is based on the prevailing infantile situation. Dr. Róheim makes due allowance for external environment, but in contrast to the economic determinists, concludes that this is only a secondary factor. A book, in the main, for specialists, but many parts of it will interest the general reader.

MOTHER AMERICA, by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A fair and vigorous, though somewhat over-written, appraisal of American rule in the Philippines, which the author, an eminent Filipino journalist and soldier, terms "America's masterpiece." He thinks that "the future pattern established in the Pacific will determine the future of the world," and he is convinced that the only pattern that is human and will really work is the one America fashioned in his own country.

THE END IN AFRICA, by Alan Moorehead. \$2.75. *Harper*. A loose, rather personalized, yet remarkably revealing study of the fall of Tunis and the final campaign in Africa. Mr. Moorehead doesn't seem to be altogether sure that politically we achieved as great a victory as we did militarily. A good book, but by and large it is inferior to the same author's *Don't Blame the Generals*.

FICTION

THE MISADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, edited by Ellery Queen. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. For all those devoted to The Master — Sherlock Holmes — this anthology is the last word. Almost 400 pages of stories, satires and travesties done by such diverse and well-known authors as Mark Twain, J. M. Barrie, Agatha Christie, O. Henry and a galaxy of other stars. Superb entertainment.

STRANGE FRUIT, by Lillian Smith. \$2.75. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. An important first novel of the age-old problem of the whites *vs.* the Negro in the deep South. The love of a white boy and a Negro girl touches off a horrifying and chilling series of events.

DEADLINE AT DAWN, by William Irish. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Dance-hall girl and home-town boy have only the few hours of the night to solve a killing and clear themselves. The race against time leaves the reader breathless.

A SPY FOR MR. CROOK, by Anthony Gilbert. \$2.00. *A. S. Barnes*. The take-off of the House of Commons fills the book with humor, and Mr. Crook again wins honors while smashing a spy ring.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE, by Craig Rice. \$2.00. *Simon & Schuster*. The three rambunctious children of a mystery story writer are overjoyed to find a murder mystery right next door. While trying to solve that they force a romance on their mother.

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER, by W. R. Burnett. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Fast-moving story of an attractive swindler who goes out to take a rich widow and becomes emotionally involved himself.

A HAUNTED HOUSE, And Other Stories, by Virginia Woolf. \$2.00. *Harcourt Brace*. This collection includes some stories from Miss Woolf's only book of short stories printed in the twenties, others which have appeared in magazines and a few which were unpublished at the time of her tragic death. All are beautifully written, but they also seem far away from this practical world.



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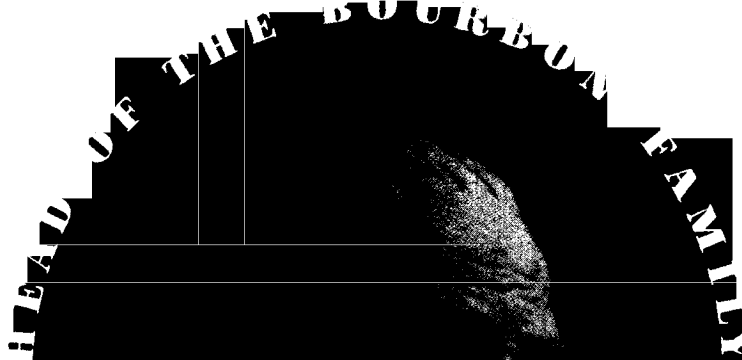
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